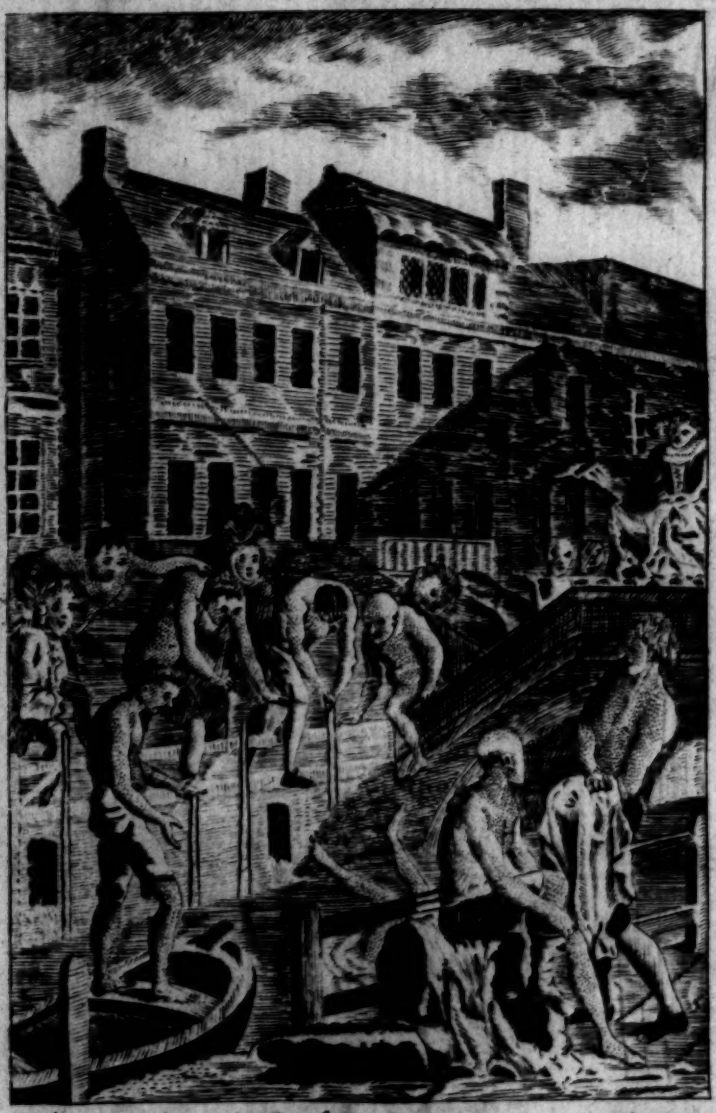
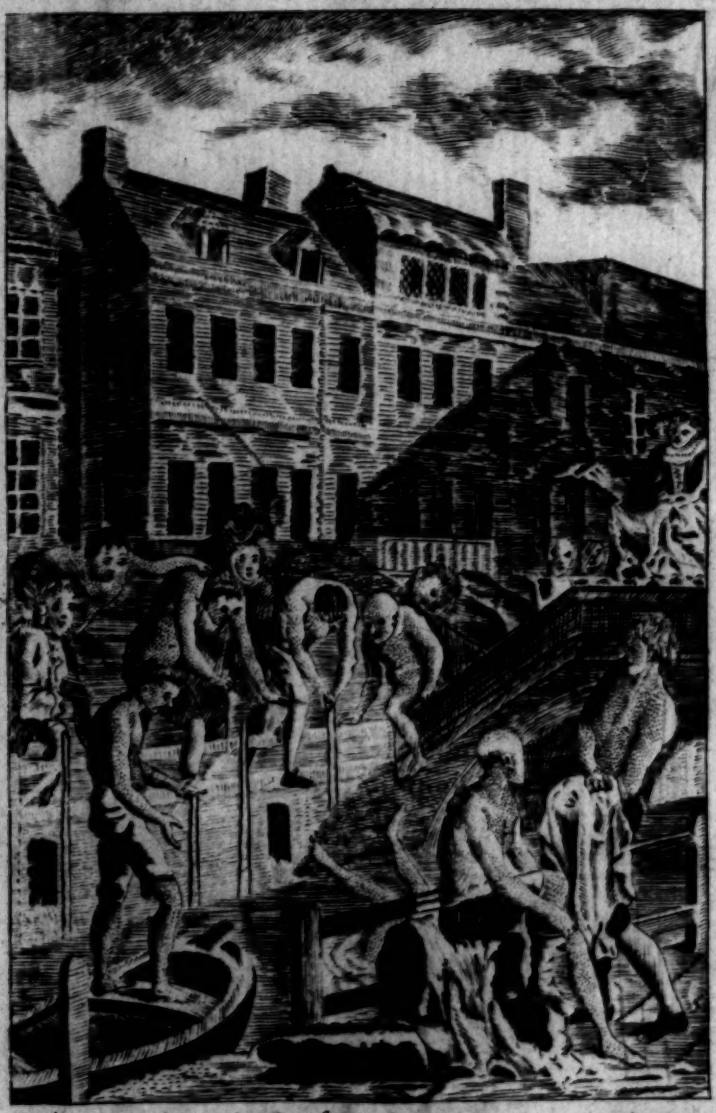
Plate IX Vol III facing p. Title



Here Strip my Children! here at once leap in
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick & thin.

Dunciad Book II

Plate IX Vol III facing p. Title



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Dunciad Book II

# THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

## VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING THE

## DUNCIAD,

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

---

EDINBURGH:
Printed by JAMES DONALDSON.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

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# THE DUNCIAD,

IN

FOUR BOOKS;

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

THE

# DUNCIAD,

IN

FOUR BOOKS,

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

# A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

## Occasioned by the first correct edition of the DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me I herewith send you. You will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers lately publiſhed, that my great regard to a perſon, whoſe friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the incloſed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived that moſt of theſe authors had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other. No body was either concerned or ſurpriſed, if this or that ſcribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſcovery: a ſtratagem which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their lawful ſuperiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all. Ill ſucceſs in that had tranſported them to perſonal abuſe, either of himſelf, or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men long before he had either leiſure or inclination to call them bad writers: and ſome had been ſuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perſons as well as their ſlanders, till they were pleaſed to revive them.

Now, what had Mr. Pope done before, to incenſe them? He had publiſhed thoſe works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mention is made of any of them. And what has he done ſince? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the public had ſaid before, that they were dull: and what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe room in the prints, to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any

any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers; I mean by authors *without names*; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the greateſt names in church and ſtate, expoſed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abuſed all, even to women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy diviſions of their country) have inſulted the fallen, the friendleſs, the exiled, and the dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confeſſed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and eſteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the leaſt valuable part of his character), but the honeſt, open, and beneficent man that we moſt eſteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what theſe people ſay were believed, I muſt appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either impoſed on myſelf, or impoſing on them; ſo that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies, as he is himſelf.

I am no author, and conſequently not to be ſuſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any of the men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by ſight: and as for their writings, I have ſought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves, for they are generally much more

dangerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the malice or abſurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and ſo irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure prevent it by preſerving at leaſt their titles *, and diſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the poem, is, That the perſons are too *obſcure* for ſatire. The perſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors, and of domeſtics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſhment? On the contrary, obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of. Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of miſchief: ſo that for ſecret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public puniſhment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, That theſe ſort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at the Old Bailey, for leſſer crimes than defamation, (for it is the caſe of almoſt all who are tried there); but ſure it can be none here: for who will pretend, that the robbing another of his reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf? I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the ſubject. He who deſcribes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt paleneſs or leanneſs, but againſt malice and villany. The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon?

* Which we have done in a liſt printed in the Appendix.

Not

Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter. It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true. "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the "public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them. Deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from

from the *Codrus* of JUVENAL to the *Damon* of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greateſt poet, and moſt judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhown them by their ſuperiors, in the general eſteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his tranſlators, perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities in their reſpective nations.*. But the reſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times: of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almoſt all his poems, our author has only in this. I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons, for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhould give us an edition of this poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently on their re-

* Eſſay on Criticiſm, in French verſe, by General Hamilton; the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, Counſellor and Privy Secretary to King George I.; after by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verſe, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy-extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Eſſays and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated into French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe, by Monſieur Silhouet, in proſe, 1737, and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

pentance

pentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions; from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them; I mean, when out of power, or out of fashion*. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know

* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South Sea year, and after his death; others only in epitaphs.

how

how hard it is (with regard both to his ſubject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am,

*St. James's,*
*Dec.* 22, 1728.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM CLELAND*.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the Univerſity of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He ſerved in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which, having ſhewn himſelf for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other aſſiſtance of fortune, he was ſuddenly diſplaced by the miniſter, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a perſon of univerſal learning, and an enlarged converſation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a ſincerer attachment to the conſtitution of his country.——And yet, for all this, the public will not allow him to be the author of this letter.

MARTINUS

MARTINUS

# MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA and ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

# DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS.

## DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation;* but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

### CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

The *persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part *authors*, and most of those authors, *poets:* and the censures he hath passed upon them, have been confirmed by all Europe.

### GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the *poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *pretenders* to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with *ill-nature* for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the world.

### THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against *failures in genius*, or against the *pretensions* of *writing without one.*

CONCANEN, Dedication to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A *satire* upon *dulness* is a thing that as been *used* and *allowed* in *all ages*.

*Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!*

TESTI-

# TESTIMONIES
## OF
# AUTHORS
### CONCERNING
## Our POET and his WORKS.

### M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same authors at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as ge-

nius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author. In which if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him; I intreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious. Allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We propoſed to begin with his life, parentage, and education. But as to theſe, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One ſaith (*a*), he was educated at home; another (*b*), that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jeſuits; a third (*c*), not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth (*d*), that he had no univerſity-education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor. One ſaith (*e*), he was kept by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond (*f*), that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third (*g*), that he was a parſon: one (*h*) calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the church of Rome; another (*i*), a monk. As little do they agree about his father; whom one (*k*) ſuppoſeth, like the father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another (*l*), a huſbandman; another (*m*), a hatter, *&c.* Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet ſuch a father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a dæmon. For thus Mr. Gildon (*n*): "Certain it "is,

(*a*) Giles Jacob's lives of poets, vol. ii. in his life. (*b*) Dennis's reflections on the eſſay on crit. (*c*) Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. (*d*) Guardian, No. 40. (*e*) Jacob's lives, &c. vol. ii. (*f*) Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. (*g*) Farmer P. and his ſon. (*h*) Dunc. diſſect. (*i*) Characters of the times, p. 45. (*k*) Female Dunc. p. ult. (*l*) Dunc. diſſect. (*m*) Roome, paraphraſe on the ivth of Geneſis, printed 1729. (*n*) Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping,

" is, that his original is not from Adam, but the de-
" vil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail
" to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father."
Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his ESSAY on CRITICISM; of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

" His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his
" thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions ab-
" surd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes
" trivial and common:—instead of majesty, we have
" something that is very mean; instead of gravity,
" something that is very boyish; and instead of per-
" spicuity and lucid order, we have but too often ob-
" scurity and confusion." And in another place:
" What rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear,
" that this youngster had espoused some antiquated
" Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some super-
" annuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and
" who being poxed by the former spouse, has got the
" gout in her decrepid age, which makes her *hobble so*
" *damnably?*" (*o*)

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

1716, p. 10. Curl in his key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the 10th page declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. & 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

(*o*) Reflections critical and satirical, on a rhapsody, called, an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

Mr.

Mr. Oldmixon.

" I dare not ſay any thing of the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* in " verſe; but if any more curious reader has diſcovered " in it ſomething *new*, which is not in Dryden's pre- " faces, dedications, and his eſſay on dramatic poetry, " not to mention the French critics, I ſhould be very " glad to have the benefit of the diſcovery (*p*)."

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

Mr. Leonard Welsted,

Who, out of great reſpect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth (*q*): " As to " the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, *&c.* both in " verſe and proſe, that have been written by the mo- " derns on this ground-work, they do but *hackney the* " *ſame thoughts over again*, making them ſtill more *trite*. " Moſt of their pieces are nothing but a pert, inſipid, " heap of *common place*. Horace has even in his art " of poetry thrown out ſeveral things which plainly " ſhew, he thought an art of poetry was of no uſe, even " while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppoſe that of

Mr. Addison.

" (*r*) The *Art of Criticiſm* (ſaith he) which was " publiſhed ſome months ſince, is a maſterpiece in its " kind. The obſervations follow one another, like " thoſe in Horace's *art of poetry*, without that metho- " dical regularity which would have been requiſite in " a proſe writer. They are ſome of them *uncommon*, " but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees " them explained with that eaſe and perſpicuity in

(*p*) Eſſay on criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England. (*q*) Preface to his poems, p. 18, 53. (*r*) Spectator, No. 253.

" which

" which they are delivered. As for those which are " the *most known* and the most *received*, they are placed " in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt " allusions, that they have in them all the graces of " novelty; and make the reader, who was before ac- " quainted with them, still more convinced of their " truth and solidity. And here give me leave to men- " tion what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon " in the preface to his works: That wit and fine writ- " ing doth not consist so much in advancing things " that are new, as in giving things that are known an " agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in " the latter ages of the world, to make observations in " criticism, morality, or any art or science, which " have not been touched upon by others; we have lit- " tle else left us, but to represent the common sense of " mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more " uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's *art* " *of poetry*, he will find but few precepts in it which he " may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not " commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan " age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not " his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to ad- " mire."

" Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the " same kind of sublime, which he observes in the se- " veral passages that occasioned them. I cannot but " take notice, that our English author has after the " same manner exemplified several of the precepts in " the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers; and concludes with saying, that " there are three " poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a " masterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated " Verse; Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay " on Criticism."

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr.

Mr. John Dennis,

" (s) That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently " writ in emulation of the *Cooper's Hill* of Sir John " Denham; the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, " is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous (t)."

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr. Garth,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion; " Those who have seen those two excel- " lent poems of *Cooper's Hill*, and *Windsor Forest*, the " one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. " Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they ap- " prove of this."

Of the epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called *Sawny*, " That because Prior's " *Henry and Emma* charmed the finest tastes, our au- " thor writ his *Eloise, in opposition to it*; but forgot in- " nocence and virtue. If you take away her tender " thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no " value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: " All this is very fine, but take away " the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. Prior

himself, saying in his *Alma* (u),

O *Abelard!* ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan *Pope*, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, *&c.*

(s) Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. (t) Printed 1728, p. 12.
(u) Alma, cant. ii.

Come

Come we now to his tranſlation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens; yet ſhall it ſuffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our author) yet ſtyleth this "a laudable tranſlation (x)." That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned eſſay, frequently commends the ſame. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it (y): "The ſpirit of Homer breathes all "through this tranſlation.—I am in doubt whether I "ſhould moſt admire the juſtneſs of the original, or the "force and beauty of the language, or the ſounding "variety of the numbers. But when I find all theſe "meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet ſays of "one of his heroes, That he alone raiſed and flung "with eaſe a weighty ſtone, that two common men "could not lift from the ground: juſt ſo, one ſingle "perſon has performed in this tranſlation, what I once "deſpaired to have ſeen done by the force of ſeveral "maſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have changed his ſentiment in his *Eſſay on the art of ſinking in reputation*, (printed in Miſt's Journal, March 30, 1728), where he ſays thus: "In order to "ſink in reputation, let him take it into his head to de-"ſcend into Homer, (let the world wonder, as it will, "how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him "into Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his neglect of the "manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this tranſlation of the Iliad was not in all re-"ſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his friend

(x) In his Eſſays, vol. i. printed for E. Curl.
(y) Cenſor, vol. ii. No. 33.

"Mr.

" Mr. Addiſon; inſomuch that he employed a *younger* " *muſe* in an undertaking of this kind, which he ſu- " perviſed himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

" When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, " I am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labours " of thoſe who have improved our language with the " Tranſlations of old Greek and Latin Authors.—— " We have already moſt of their hiſtorians in our own " tongue, and what is more for the honour of our " language, it has been taught to expreſs with ele- " gance the greateſt of their poets in each nation. " The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn " to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the moſt perfect " epic performance. And thoſe parts of Homer " which have been publiſhed already by Mr. Pope, " give us reaſon to think that the Iliad will appear in " Engliſh with as little diſadvantage to that immortal " poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake; for this *younger muſe* was an *elder*; nor was the gentleman (who is a friend to our author) employed by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it *after him*, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it *before* (z). Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon engaged our author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of Oct. 26, and Nov. 2, 1713; where he declares it is his opinion, that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpeare on the ſtage. " Let " him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, Miſt's Journal, June 8, 1728)

" publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and

(z) Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, 4to.

" forget

" forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. " In this project let him lend the bookseller his name " (for a competent sum of money) to promote the cre- " dit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8. " The " bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and " raised some thousands of pounds for the same. I " believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of " this extravagant subscription."

" After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

" the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having " secured the success by a numerous subscription, he " employed some *underlings* to perform what, accord- " ing to his proposals, should come from his own " hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(Printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724).

" I take this occasion to declare, that the subscrip- " tion for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson; " and that the benefit of *this proposal* is not solely for " my own use, but for that of *two of my friends*, who " have *assisted me in this work*." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, " That he " would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment " again of getting a great part of a book done by assist- " ants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily " ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of " the whole." Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable

the Lord Viſcount HARCOURT, were he living, would teſtify, and the Right Honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth teſtify, the ſame is a falſehood.

Sorry I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author from obſcurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of the *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his powerful intereſts with thoſe great men to this riſing bard, who frequently levied by that means unuſual contributions on the public." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad diſſected reporteth, " Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the *greateſt peers* and *brighteſt wits* then living."

" No ſooner" (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) " was his body lifeleſs, but this author, reviving his reſentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcandal public." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed no witneſs in his own cauſe; the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman, whoſe friendſhip, yea, any one gentleman, whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon procured to our author, let him ſtand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates; ſed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel is a lie: witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity, who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in nowiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke ſent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the ſame. One name alone, which I am here authoriſed to declare,

clare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next he is taxed with a crime, (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

" (a) Upon reading the third volume of Pope's miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy, (the *Rival Modes*), published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

" These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " these verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," *&c.* Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE; of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed; of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

(a) Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

(*b*) "The Memoirs of a parish-clerk was a very dull "and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence "of our religion and constitution, and who has been "dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers, that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to be turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of "that Reverend Prelate, and how full he was of a "design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid Right Honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced, not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those

(*b*) Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

who

who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the Moſt noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

ſums up his character in theſe lines:

" (*c*) And yet ſo wond'rous, ſo ſublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A *good companion*, and as *firm a friend*.
" One *moral*, or a mere *well-natur'd deed*,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he decyphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" (*d*) Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuſe,
" What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
" Tho' each great ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
" Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine—
" Go to the *good* and *juſt*, an awful train!
" *Thy ſoul's delight*.——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apoſtrophe;

" (*e*) O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
" Bleſs'd in thy *life*, and bleſs'd in all thy *lays*:
" Add, that the Siſters ev'ry thought refine,
" And ev'n thy *life* be *faultleſs* as thy line.
" Yet Envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the *virtue*, and defames the Muſe.
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners

(*c*) Verſes to Mr. P. on his tranſlation of Homer, vol. i. p. 10.
(*d*) Poem prefixed to his works, vol. i. p. 21.
(*e*) In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

"(*f*) Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
"Nor hears that *Virtue* which he *loves*, complain?"

Mr. Mallet,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

"Whose life severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
"For wit supreme is but his second praise."

Mr. Hammond,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love-elegies, elegy xiv.

"Now fir'd by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,
"In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong;
"And trace the author through his moral page,
"Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

Mr. Thomson,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

"Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
"Yet is his *life* the more endearing song."

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

Mr. William Broome.

"(*g*) Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue*'s cause,
"From thy own *life* transcribe th' *unerring laws*."

And, to close all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

"A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
"By patriots, priests, and poets taught:
"Whose filial piety excels
"Whatever Grecian story tells:
"A genius for each bus'ness fit,
"Whose meanest talent is his wit," *&c.*

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with

(*f*) Universal passion, sat. i.

(*g*) In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

whom

whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: Firſt again commencing with the high-voiced, and never-enough quoted,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS;

who in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has "nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendſhip, "good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is "ſo great a lover of falſehood, that, whenever he "has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he "brands them with ſome defect which is juſt *contrary* "*to ſome good quality*, for which all their *friends and* "*acquaintance* commend them. He ſeems to have "a particular pique to *people of quality*, and authors of "that rank.—He muſt derive his religion from St. "Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he ſaith, "Though he is a profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet "he *laughs at it*;" but that, "nevertheleſs, he is a "virulent Papiſt; and yet a *pillar* for the *church* of "*England*."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring, in Miſt's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, he "made it his practice to cackle to both *parties* in their "own ſentiments." But, as to his *pique* againſt *people of quality*, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree; but ſaith, (May 8, 1728), "He had, by ſome means or "other, the *acquaintance* and *friendſhip* of the *whole* "*body of our nobility*."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, "That he is a creature that re-"conciles all contradictions; he is a beaſt, and a man; "a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the ſame "time)

" time) of (*h*) Guardians and Examiners; an assertor " of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a " Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and foul pre- " tender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast* (*i*). Another protests, that he does not know *what may happen*; advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expresly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life* (*k*). One desires he would cut *his own throat, or hang himself* (*l*). But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prosecution (*m*): Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a *minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom* (*n*); and assureth the public, that he is an *open* and *mortal enemy* to his *country*; a monster, that *will*, one day, shew as *daring a soul* as a *mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets (*o*). Another gives information of *treason* discovered in his poem (*p*). Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *kings* and *princesses* (*q*). And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED

(*h*) The names of two weekly papers. (*i*) Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728. (*k*) Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16. (*l*) Gulliveriana, p. 332. (*m*) Anno 1723. (*n*) Anno 1729. (*o*) Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise. (*p*) Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book, intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712. (*q*) Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

NAMES

NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad (*r*)!

This is prodigious; yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, "He has so "great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* "of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithstanding "he professes a *veneration almost rising to idolatry* for "the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be ve- "ry loth even to do *him* justice, even at the expence of "that *other gentleman*'s character (*s*)."

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope "would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles "by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of "Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness "in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And "this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in "the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly "and naturally written upon love (*f*)." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the "purity and perfection of the English language to be "found in his Homer; and saying there are more "good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other "work, excepts this of our author only (*t*)."

(*r*) A list of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c. (*s*) Introduction to his Shakespeare restored, in quarto, p. 3. (*f*) Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721. p. 97, 98.
(*t*) In his prose Essay on Criticism.

The

The author of a letter to Mr. CIBBER says, " (*u*) Pope was so good a versifier [*once*], that " his predecessor, Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary " Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* " equal to any body's; and that he *had* all the merit " that a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

" But in his other works what beauties shine,
" While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!
" These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
" And bade them live to brighten future days (*x*)."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell (*y*), in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

" 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
" (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
" That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
" POPE more than we can offer should receive:
" For when some gliding river is his theme,
" His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," *&c.*

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, " The smooth numbers of the Dun- " ciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other " merit;" yet that same paper hath these words; " The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an " easy and elegant versification. *In all his works* we " find the most *happy turns* and *natural similes*, wonder- " fully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. It is

(*u*) Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11. (*x*) Battle of poets, folio, p. 15. (*y*) Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, Duodecimo, 1728.

very

very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be ſaid on this poem, is beſtowed by our Laureat,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER;

who " grants it to be a better poem of its kind than " ever was writ:" but adds, " it was a victory over a " parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almoſt cowar- " dice to conquer.——A man might as well triumph " for having killed ſo many ſilly flies that offended " him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, " poor ſouls! they had all been buried in oblivion (*z*)." Here we ſee our excellent Laureat allows the juſtice of the ſatire on every man in it, but *himſelf*; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The ſaid

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the moſt furious of all their works (the forecited character, p. 5) do in concert (*a*) confeſs, " That

(*z*) Cibber's letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9, 12. (*a*) [*In concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our miſtake in this place. " As " to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the " honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote ſo much " as one line in *concert* with any one man whatſoever. And theſe " two letters from Gildon will plainly ſhow, that we are not writers " in *concert* with each other.

" SIR,

——" The height of my ambition is to pleaſe men of the beſt " judgment; and finding that I have entertained my maſter agree- " ably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour."

" SIR,

" I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pam- " phlet till this day. I am infinitely ſatisfied and pleaſed with it, " and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable " performance deſerves," *&c.*

CH. GILDON."

" Now, is it not plain, that any one who ſends ſuch compli- " ments to another, has not been uſed to write in partnerſhip with " him to whom he ſends them?" Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himſelf.

" ſome

" ſome men of *good underſtanding* value him for his " rhymes;" and (p. 17.) " that he has got, like Mr. " Bays in the Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden), " a notable knack at rhyming, and writing ſmooth " verſe."

Of his *Eſſay on Man*, numerous were the praiſes beſtowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the ſame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymouſly.

Thus ſung of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

" Auſpicious bard! while all admire thy ſtrain,
" All but the ſelfiſh, ignorant, and vain;
" I, whom no bribe to ſervile flatt'ry drew,
" Muſt pay the tribute to thy merit due:
" Thy Muſe ſublime, ſignificant, and clear,
" Alike informs the ſoul, and charms the ear."

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus (*b*) wrote to the unknown author, on the firſt publication of the ſaid eſſay: " I muſt own, after the " reception which the vileſt and moſt immoral ribal- " dry hath lately met with, I was ſurpriſed to ſee what " I had long deſpaired of, a performance deſerving the " name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, " indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have " been publiſhed in an age and country more worthy " of it. If my teſtimony be of weight any where, you " are ſure to have it in the ampleſt manner," *&c. &c. &c.*

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate enemies; and to the ſucceſs of them all they do unanimouſly give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, *inſtar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on Cri-

(*b*) In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

ticiſm

ticiſm to this day of the Dunciad! "A moſt notorious "inſtance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and "taſte, the *approbation* this eſſay meets with (*c*). I "can ſafely affirm, that I never attacked any of theſe "writings, unleſs they had *ſucceſs* infinitely beyond "their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a "*popular* ſcribbler. The epidemic madneſs of the times "has given him *reputation* (*d*).—If, after the cruel "treatment ſo many extraordinary men (Spenſer, Lord "Bacon, Ben Johnſon, Milton, Butler, Otway, and "others) have received from this country, for theſe "laſt hundred years, I ſhould ſhift the ſcene, and ſhow "all that penury changed at once to riot and profuſe-"neſs; and more ſquandered away upon *one object*, "than would have ſatisfied the greater part of thoſe "extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one "creature ſhould be unknown, would fancy him a pro-"digy of art and nature, would believe that all the "great qualities of theſe perſons were centered in him "alone.—But if I ſhould venture to aſſure him, that "the PEOPLE of ENGLAND had made ſuch a choice— "the reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy* "and *ſlanderer*, or that the reign of the laſt (Queen "Anne's) *miniſtry* was deſigned by fate to encourage "*fools* (*e*)."

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, penſion, or gratuity, in any ſhape, from the ſaid glorious Queen, or any of her miniſters. All he owed in the whole courſe of his life to any court, was a ſubſcription for his Homer, of 200l. from King George I. and 100l. from the Prince and Princeſs.

However, leſt we imagine our author's ſucceſs was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain works in a leſs degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they aſſure us, he is the writer.

(*c*) Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm.
(*d*) Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.
(*e*) Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.

Of this ſort Mr. DENNIS (*f*) aſcribes to him *two farces*, whoſe names he does not tell, but aſſures us that *there is not one jeſt in them;* and an imitation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention, but aſſures us *it is much more execrable than all his works* (*g*). The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, aſſures us, "He is be-" low Tom Durfey in the Drama, becauſe (as that " writer thinks) *the Marriage-hater matched*, and the " *Boarding-ſchool* are better than the *What-d'ye-call it;*" which is not Mr. Pope's, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON aſſures us, in his New Rehearſal, p. 48. "That he " was writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are aſſured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called *Dr. Andrew* " *Tripe* (*h*);" which proved to be one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. THEOBALD aſſures us, in Miſt of the 27th of April, "That the treatiſe of the *Profound* is very " dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and ſays, " the whole, or greateſt part of the merit of this trea-" tiſe, muſt and can only be aſcribed to Gulliver (*i*)." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of men; knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are aſſured in Miſt of June 8, "That his own " *plays and farces* would better have adorned the Dun-" ciad, than thoſe of Mr. Theobald; for he had nei-" ther genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not eaſy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unleſs we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abuſed, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the ſaid Mr. Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man to be much concerned for any but himſelf: "Now let any man

(*f*) Ibid. p. 8.
(*g*) Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
(*h*) Ibid. p. 6.
(*i*) Gul. p. 336.

" judge

" judge (faith he) by this concern, who was the true " mother of the child (*k*).

But, from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of boldneſs and madneſs to a prodigy (*l*). If he took aſſiſtants in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the public (*m*). The loftieſt heroics, the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then ſay he concealed: if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed. If it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then it was evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt commentators would hence take occaſion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the teſtimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundleſs, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect maſter of all ſtyles, and all arguments; and that there was in thoſe times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall

(*k*) Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.
(*l*) Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his tranſlation of the Iliad.
(*m*) The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyſſey.

determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MAR-

# MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

## OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant; witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss.* x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetic*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the First;* and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad;* which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did

conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) paper alſo became ſo cheap, and printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one, nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time, the licence of the preſs was ſuch, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either: for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed; the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſhers, a ſet of men who never ſcrupled to vend either calumny or blaſphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

(*a*) Now our author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt ſatiriſt, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch au-

(*a*) Vide Boſſu, du Poeme Epique, ch. viii.

thors,

thors, namely, *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *allegory* (*b*), (as the construction of Epic Poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. (*c*) He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce (*d*); then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them (*e*): and (above all) that *self-opinion* (*f*), which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one, great* and *remarkable action* (*g*): And none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world, as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *person* must next be fixed upon to support this action. This *phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *name* (*h*): He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The *fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the *machinery* is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dul-

(*b*) Bossu, chap. vii. (*c*) Book I. ver. 32, &c. (*d*) Ver. 45, to 54. (*e*) Ver. 57, to 77. (*f*) Ver. 80. (*g*) Ibid. chap. vii, viii. (*h*) Bossu, chap. viii. vide Aristot. poetic. cap. ix.

ness,

nefs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *epiſodes*; each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other epiſodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers. The firſt concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of *More*; the ſecond the libellous novelliſt, whom he ſtyleth *Eliza*; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noiſy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and ſo of the reſt; aſſigning to each ſome *proper name* or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the *characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn. The manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to tranſfer them to any other wiſer perſonages, would be exceeding difficult. And certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, ſo many *ſilly flies*:" but adds, our "author's wit is remarkably more bare "and barren, whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, "than upon any other perſon whatever (*i*)."

The *deſcriptions* are ſingular, the *compariſons* very quaint, the *narration* various, yet of one colour: the purity and chaſtity of *diction*, is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the *words*, but only the *images*, have been cenſured; and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical authority, (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave doctors, and approved critics.

(*i*) Cibber's letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

As

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſible rules as are laid on all neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea, divers by his exceeding diligence, are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminiſhing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poeſy; though ſince he hath altered it to *ſixty*, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred (*k*). True it is, that the talents for *criticiſm*, namely, ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age. But it is far otherwiſe in *poetry*; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon therefore did our author chuſe to write his eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

(*k*) See his Eſſays.

# RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

## OF THE

## HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated. But when he cometh to ſpeak of the *perſon* of the *hero* fitted for ſuch poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates. For, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raiſed up to ſupport the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who firſt build their houſe, and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother and the world alſo right in this particular, by aſſuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and conſequently that the poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged an *hero*, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her eagle flight. For ſometimes ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe

*ſuns*

*ſuns* of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *gooſe* and *ſerpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muſe in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of wiſdom affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si Dii non iraſcunter impiis et injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus enim diverſis, aut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odiſſe ex bonorum caritate deſcendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil "men, neither are they delighted with the good and "juſt. For contrary objects muſt either excite contra-"ry affections, or no affections at all. So that he who "loveth good men, muſt at the ſame time hate the "bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love "the good: becauſe to love good men proceedeth from "an averſion to evil; and to hate evil men from a "tenderneſs to the good." From this delicacy of the Muſe aroſe the *little Epic*, (more lively and choleric than her elder ſiſter, whoſe bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic); and for this, ſome notorious vehicle of vice and folly was ſought out, to make thereof an example. An early inſtance of which (nor could it eſcape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himſelf affordeth us. From him the practice deſcended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the compoſition of their *tetralogy*, or ſet of four pieces, were wont to make the laſt a *ſatiric tragedy*. Happily, one of theſe ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongſt the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader ſuppoſe may be the ſubject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy obſervation, the unequal conteſt of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *favourite of Minerva*; who, after having quietly borne all the monſter's obſcene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in puniſhing him with the mark of an inde-

lible

lible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excuſed, if for the future we conſider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *tetralogy*, in which the laſt worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the *ſatiric* piece?

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the hero of the *greater Epic* ſhould be an *honeſt man*; or, as the French critics expreſs it, *un honnête homme* (*a*)? But it never admitted of any doubt, but that the hero of the *little Epic* ſhould be juſt the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve how much juſter the *moral* of that poem muſt needs be, where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome analogy, if not reſemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what neoteric critics call the *parody*, one of the livelieſt graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the conſtituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *wiſdom*, *bravery*, and *love*, from whence ſpringeth *heroic virtue*; it followeth, that thoſe of the leſſer Epic Hero ſhould be *vanity*, *aſſurance*, and *debauchery*, from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth *heroic dulneſs*, the never-dying ſubject of this our poem.

This being ſettled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *wiſdom*, to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of *vanity*, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far be-

(*a*) *Si un heros poëtique doit être un honnête homme.* Boſſu, de poëme epique, liv. 7. ch. 5.

yond

yond it? "Let the world (will ſuch an one ſay) im "pute to me what folly or weakneſs they pleaſe; but "till *wiſdom* can give me ſomething that will make me "more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED "AT (*b*)." This, we ſee, is *vanity*, according to the *heroic* gage or meaſure; not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to *virtues* we *have not;* but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in thoſe *vices*, which every body knows *we have*. "The "world may aſk (ſays he) why I make my follies pub-"lic? Why not? I have paſſed my time very pleaſant-"ly with them (*c*)." In ſhort, there is no ſort of vanity ſuch a hero would ſcruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would not be *va-"nity* in him to take ſhame to himſelf for *not being a "wiſe man* (*d*)?"

*Bravery*, the ſecond attribute of the true hero, is courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its correſpondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that ſame courage all collected into the *face*. And as power, when drawn together, muſt needs have more force and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the braveſt character in all the Æneis: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's, who having told us, that he placed "his *ſummum bonum* in "thoſe follies, which he was not content barely to poſ-"ſeſs, but would likewiſe glory in," adds, "*If I am "miſguided*, IT IS NATURE'S FAULT, *and I follow "*HER (*e*)." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality a ſpecies of *courage*, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it, which made his FACE "more known (as he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in "the kingdom;" and his *language* to conſiſt of what

(*b*) Dedication to the life of C. C. (*c*) Life, p. 2. 8vo. edit.
(*d*) Life, ibid. (*e*) Life, p. 23. 8vo.

we muſt allow to be the moſt *daring* figure of ſpeech, that which is taken from the *name of God*.

*Gentle love*, the next ingredient in the true hero's compoſition, is a mere bird of paſſage, or (as Shakeſpeare calls it) *ſummer-teeming luſt*, and evaporates in the heat of *youth*; doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuffers in paſſing through thoſe *certain ſtrainers* which our poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the *lees*, it acquireth ſtrength by *old age*, and becometh a laſting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitneſs for ſuch an uſe; for not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be ſo, even by him who beſt knoweth its value. "Don't you think (argueth "he) to ſay only *a man has his whore* (*f*), ought to "go for little or nothing? becauſe *defendit numerus*; "take the firſt ten thouſand men you meet, and I be-"lieve you would be no loſer if you betted ten to one, "that every ſingle ſinner of them, one with another, "had been guilty of the ſame frailty (*g*)." But here he ſeemeth not to have done juſtice to himſelf. The man is ſure enough a hero, who hath his lady at fourſcore. How doth his modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a *whole well-ſpent* life; not taking to himſelf the commendation (which Horace accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs*, the ſame he was from the beginning,

——— *Servetur ad* IMUM
*Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat.*———

But here, in juſtice both to the poet and the hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth ſhe was *his own*, and not his *neighbour*'s. Truly a commendable continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf

(*f*) Alluding to theſe lines in the epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot, vol. i.

*And has not Colley* ſtill *his lord and whore,*
*His butchers Henly, his free maſons Moore?*

(*g*) Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

muſt

must have applauded. For how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ages have their *concubines!*

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth *magnanimity*, the object of *admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth *buffoonery*, the source of *ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it (*h*), of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not *reason*, but *risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound "philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute "creation by our risibility, her design MUST have "been by *that faculty* as evidently to raise our HAPPI-"NESS, as by OUR *Os sublime* (OUR ERECTED FACES) "to lift the dignity of our FORM above them (*i.*)" All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits?* And whose *Os sublime* is not simply an *erect face*, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden (*k*).

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant *assistance*

(*h*) Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.
(*i*) Life, p. 23, 24.
(*k*) Letter, p. 8.

*of the* GODS: for the ſubverſion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of *letters*, as the ancient gods were of *Troy*, muſt firſt be drawn off, and engaged in another intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore, this laſt and great difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a profeſſed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas; that, and much ſtronger is modern incenſe, to engage the great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to ſay, If ſo many and various graces go to the making up of a hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who ſeeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom theſe rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concentre with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itſelf, may be impoſed on, in the late ſpurious editions, by I cannot tell what *ſham hero* or *phantom*: but it was not ſo eaſy to impoſe on HIM whom this egregious error moſt of all concerned. For no ſooner had the fourth book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but he recogniſed his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

*Soft on her lap her laureat ſon reclines,*

(though *laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as befitteth any aſſociate or conſort in empire), he loudly reſented this indignity to violated Majeſty.

Indeed

Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep*; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber, "Hah! (saith he), fast asleep, it seems! that's a little "too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have "allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool (*l*)." However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will (*m*) *live* at least, though not *awake*, and in no worse condition than many an inchanted warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin* the *British bard* and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards* (*n*).

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons, (a person "never a hero even on the "stage (*o*)," to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ: That every man is the* smith *of his own for-*

(*l*) Letter, p. 53. (*m*) Ibid. p. 1. (*n*) Don Quixotte, part 2. book 2. chap. 22. (*o*) See Life, p. 148.

*tune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to *believe himself a hero* to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the "highest things, and he will of course be able to "atchieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time to ALEXANDER the Great, and CHARLES XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition (*p*); to HENRY IV. of France, for honest policy (*q*); to the first BRUTUS, for love of liberty (*r*); and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good government while in power (*s*): At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diversions and amusements (*t*); to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired (*u*); to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence (*x*); and, to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord BISHOP of London himself, in the art of writing *pastoral letters* (*y*).

Nor did his *actions* fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he *met the revolution* (*z*) face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with *following* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was *called up*, when *the nation fell in labour* of this *revolution* (*a*): and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the ladies (*b*).

As to his *birth*, it is true, he pretended no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as

(*p*) See Life, p. 149. (*q*) P. 425. (*r*) P. 366. (*s*) P. 457. (*t*) P. 18. (*u*) P. 425. (*x*) P. 436, 437. (*y*) P. 52. (*z*) P. 47. (*a*) P. 57. (*b*) P. 58, 59.

good,

good, he was deſcended from a *maker* of both (*c*). And that he did not paſs himſelf on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is ſenſible he had it in his power *to be thought no body's ſon at all* (*d*): and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it, (the punctilious laws of epic poeſy ſo requiring), that a hero of more than mortal birth muſt needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can eaſily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddeſs of no ſmall power and authority amongſt men; and legitimate and inſtal him after the right claſſical and authentic faſhion: for, like as the ancient ſages found a ſon of Mars in a mighty warrior; a ſon of Neptune in a ſkilful ſeaman; a ſon of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; ſo have we here, if need be, a ſon of FORTUNE in an artful *gameſter*. And who fitter than the Offſpring of *Chance* to aſſiſt in reſtoring the empire of *Night* and *Chaos*?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero ſtill exiſteth, and hath not "yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if Solon ſaid "well, That no man could be called happy till his "death, ſurely much leſs can any one, till then, be "pronounced a hero: this ſpecies of men being far "more ſubject than others to the caprices of fortune "and humour." But to this alſo we have an anſwer, that will, we hope, be deemed deciſive. It cometh from *himſelf*, who, to cut this matter ſhort, hath ſolemnly proteſted, that *he will never change or amend.*

With regard to his *vanity*, he declareth that nothing ſhall ever part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath "amply ſupplied me in vanity; a pleaſure which nei-"ther the pertneſs of wit, nor the gravity of wiſdom, "will ever perſuade me to part with (*e*)." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My ſuperiors perhaps may

(*c*) A ſtatuary. (*d*) Life, p. 6. (*e*) P. 424.

"be

" be mended by him; but for my part I own myself " incorrigible. I look upon my *follies* as the best part " of my fortune (*f*)." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *buffoonery*, " Is it (saith he) a time " of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up " a new character? I can no more put off my follies " than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too " close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased " with them, for in this light I afford them frequent " matter of mirth, *&c. &c.* (*g*)." Having then so publicly declared himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in law*, (I mean the *law Epopœian*), and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *embowel* and *embalm him for posterity*.

Nothing, therefore, (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and, what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT (*h*).

*Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parentem,*
*Congelat, et patulos, ut erant,* INDURAT *hiatus* (*i*).

(*f*) Life, p. 19. (*g*) P. 17. (*h*) Ibid. p. 243. 8vo. edit.
(*i*) Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

BY

# BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in Us vested by the *Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a licenser*, We have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain *pretender*, *pseudo-poet*, or *phantom*, of the name of [illegible]BALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on *Majesty*, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the *Crown of poesy*: We have ordered the said *pretender*, *pseudo-poet*, or *phantom*, utterly to *vanish* and *evaporate* out of this work: And do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREAT *himself*. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

# THE DUNCIAD:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

## ARGUMENT.

*The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of* Dulness, *and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the* Goddess *in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular: the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the poem* hastes into the midst of things, *presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on* Bays *to be the instrument of that great event, which is the subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of* Thulé. *She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of* Eusden *the Poet Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.*

THE

Plate Vol III. facing p. 61

Her ample Presence fills up all the Space
A Veil of Fogs dilates her awfull Face.

Dunciad Book I.

T. Phinn. sc.

# THE DUNCIAD.

## BOOK I.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings,
I ſing. Say you, her inſtruments the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;
You

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *The mighty Mother*, &c.] In the firſt edition it was thus:
Books and the Man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings.
Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wondrous works, (ſo Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still————

REMARKS.

It is an inconvenience, to which writers of reputation are ſubject, that the juſtice of their reſentment is not always rightly underſtood. For the calumnies of dull authors being ſoon forgotten, and thoſe whom they aimed to injure, not caring to recal to memory the particulars of falſe and ſcandalous abuſe, their neceſſary correction is ſuſpected of ſeverity unprovoked. But, in this caſe, it would be but candid to eſtimate the chaſtiſement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the perſon injured. Let this ſerve with the candid reader, in juſtification of the *poet*; and, on occaſion, of the *editor*.

The DUNCIAD, *ſic* MS. It may well be diſputed whether this be a right reading. Ought it not rather to be ſpelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce*, with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the reſtorer of Shakeſpeare, conſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this very letter *e*, in ſpelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careleſs editors, with the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two *ee*'s, (as *Shakſpear*), which is utterly unpardonable. " Nor is the neglect of a *ſingle letter* ſo trivial as " to ſome it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned " language is an atchievement that brings honour to the critic who " advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to poſterity " for his performance of this ſort, as long as the world ſhall have

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First;
Say,

REMARKS.

"any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon." THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note, there having been since produced, by an accurate antiquary, an *autograph of Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster-abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Egyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an *edition* of an author in *marble*; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the space of five lines, two words in a whole verse are changed; and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper. As for the future, our learned sister-university (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *total new Shakespear*, at the Clarendon press. BENTLEY.

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of *Shakespear* was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the scroll, which indeed *Shakespear* hath great reason to point at. ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *e* as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade*; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *ee*'s wrong. Yet, upon the whole, I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority, (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, *sic MS*. In like manner we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBLERUS.

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works ———
—*Dii cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas).* Ovid. met. 1.

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, 'ere mortals writ or read,
'Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
Dulness

REMARKS.

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo, and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now, the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

——————— "who brings
"The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings."

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the *laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *apostrophe* to the *great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the *peculiar delight* and *chosen companion* of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest desire of persons of quality*.

Lastly, The 6th verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities; that it could justly be said of him,

"Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First." BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1.), but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First."

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious,

REMARKS.

Ver. 1.—*her son, who brings*, &c.] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critic prefixed to *Sawney*, a poem, *p.* 5. hath been so dull as to explain *the man who brings*, &c. not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that *kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that *Virgil* there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris*
*Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit*
*Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *conjectural emendation*, purely my own, upon each. First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see, *Æn.* ii. 513. from the *altar* of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *statu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *tost on land*, is much at one with saying he *walks at sea*: *Risum, teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. SCRIBL.——See *Virgilius Restauratus*, vol. iv.

Ver. 2. *The Smithfield Muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See book iii. ver. 231, &c.

Ver. 4. *By Dulness, Jove, and Fate;*] *i. e.* By their *judgments*, their *interests*, and their *inclinations*.

Ver. 7. *Say, how the Goddess*, &c.] The poet ventureth to sing the *action* of the goddess: but the *passion* she impresseth on her illustrious votaries, he thinketh can be only told by themselves.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 12. *Daughter of Chaos*, &c.] The beauty of the whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it: but leave it (as we

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;

From

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22 in the MS.

Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the poet says, *ironicè*, like the 23d verse.

REMARKS.

shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod*'s Θεογονια), was the progenitor of all the gods. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.*] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that *Dulness* here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degree of activity and boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

"Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,
"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies." BENTL.

Ver. 20. *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party-writings; which take in all his works.

Ver. 23. *Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,*] *Ironicè*, alluding to *Gulliver*'s representations of both.——The next line

From thy Bœotia tho' her pow'r retires, 25
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.
Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monro would take her down, 30
Where

### Variations.

Ver. 29. *Close to those walls*, &c.] in the former editions thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness;
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair*,] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower* of *London*, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

Var. *A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;*——
*Here in one bed two shiv'ring* sisters *lie*,
*The cave of* Poverty *and* Poetry.]

Hear upon this place the forecited Critic on the *Dunciad*, "These "lines have no construction, or are nonsense. The two shivering "sisters must be the sister-caves of Poverty and Poetry, or the "bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must be the same, [*question-"less, if they lie in one bed*]; and the two sisters the Lord knows "who." O the construction of grammatical heads! *Virgil* writeth thus, *Æn.* i.

"Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum:
"Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
"Nympharum domus."——

### Remarks.

relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* copper coin in *Ireland*, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Ver. 26. *Mourn not, my* Swift, *at aught our realm acquires.*] *Ironicè iterum.* The politics of *England* and *Ireland* were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. *Swift* of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

Ver. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.*] The ancient golden age is by poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn; but in the chemical language *Saturn* is lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess, 35
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40

VARIATIONS.

May we not say in like manner, "The nymphs must be the waters "and the stones, or the waters and the stones must be the houses "of the nymphs? *Insulse!* The second line, *Intus aquæ*, &c. is a parenthesis (as are two lines of our author, *Keen, hollow winds*, &c.); and it is the *antrum*, and the *yawning ruin*, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *domus* and the *cave*.

Let me again, I beseech thee, reader, present thee with another conjectural emendation on Virgil's "scopulis pendentibus." He is here describing a place, whither the weary mariners of *Æneas* repaired to dress their dinner.—"Fessi—frugesque receptas et tor-"rere parant flammis." What has "scopulis pendentibus" here to do? indeed the "aquæ dulces" and "sedilia" are something; *sweet waters* to drink, and *seats* to rest on: The other is surely an error of the copyists. Restore it, without the least scruple, "populis "prandentibus."

But for this, and a thousand more, expect our *Virgil Restored*, vol. iii. SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. *By his fam'd father's hand,*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureat. The two statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them, are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

Ver. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs and verses, (even from those sung at court, to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility, as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, he makes an apology for all that are to be satirised.

Hence

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone; 45
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce

Variations.

Ver. 41. in the former edit.
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St. Cecilia's feast.

Remarks.

Ver. 40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:*] Two booksellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 42. Magazines:] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant newspaper; the rags of worn-out nonsense and scandal, picked up from every dunghill; under the title of "Essays, Reflections, "Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, *&c.*" equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, and common sense. P.

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral lies*] is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram.

Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

Ver 44. *New-year odes,*] Made by the Poet-laureat for the time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The *new-year odes* of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished

Imitations.

Ver. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence,* &c.]
——"Genus unde Latinum,
"Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ." Virg. Æn. I.

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger, and who thirſt for ſcribbling ſake: 50
Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each maſs, a poem, or a play;
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry, 60

Remarks.

from all that preceded him, and made a conſpicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtleſs induced our author to mention them here ſo particularly.

Ver. 50. *Who hunger, and who thirſt*, &c.] "This is an allu-"ſion to a text in ſcripture, which ſhews, in Mr. Pope, a delight "in profaneneſs," ſaid Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakeſpeare to allude to paſſages of ſcripture. Out of a great number I will ſelect a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very text from holy writ. In All's well that ends well, "I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much "ſkill in graſs." Ibid. "They are for the flowery way that "leads to the broad gate and the great fire," Matth. vii. 13. In Much ado about Nothing, "All, all, and moreover God ſaw him "when he was hid in the garden," Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocoſe ſcene.) In Love's labour loſt, he talks of Samſon's carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windſor, of Goliah and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falſtaff's ſoldiers are compared to Lazarus and the Prodigal Son.

The firſt part of this note is Mr. Curl's, the reſt is Mr. Theobald's, Appendix to Shakeſpeare Reſtor'd, p. 144.

Ver. 57. *Genial Jacob*,] Tonſon. The famous race of bookſellers of that name.

Imitations.

Ver. 45. *In clouded majeſty*]
——the moon
Riſing in clouded Majeſty —— *Milton*, book iv.

Ver. 48. ——*that knows no fears*
*Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears*:]
"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent."
Hor.

Maggots

Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike, 65
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.

### Remarks.

Ver. 63. *Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "*Alexander* "*Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his "namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final "letters of his name, *viz. A. P—E*, and they give you the idea "of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which sig-"nifies a little wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually "*popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popysmus*." Dennis on *Hom.* and Daily Journal, *June* 11, 1728.

Ver. 70. &c. *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself*, &c.] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of tragedy and comedy, farce and epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant.

### Imitations.

Ver. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*
*Where nameless Somethings*, &c.]

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, cant. vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they spy
"The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
"Till the glad summons of a genial ray
"Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

Here

Here gay description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, 85
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps

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Ver. 85. in the former editions,
'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.
Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1720.

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Ver. 73. *Egypt glads with show'rs,*] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian, No. 40. parag. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our treatise of the *Bathos*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 85, 86, *'Twas on the day, when ** rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd*] Viz. a Lord Mayor's day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained

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Ver. 64. *And ductile Dulness,* &c.] A parody on a verse in Garth, cant. i.

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

Ver. 79. *The cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recals 95
What city-swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days,
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impress'd, and glaring in his son: 100

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a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 88. *Glad chains,*] The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to *Gold chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL.

Ver. 90. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry; in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison:

" Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
" I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
" That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
" Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
" Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,
" And in the smooth description murmur still."

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants; but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

Ver. 98. *John Heywood*, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

So

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine;
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

She

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Ver. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:

a great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De jure divino*, &c. of de Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's miscellanies, on the other:

———One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses leave) to plant verse here.
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge:
Written by *William Prynn, Esquire, the*
*Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.*
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

Ver. 104. *And Eusden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Eusden, poet-laureat. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his battle of poets, saith of him,

"Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414, affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none "comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of "the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled "together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly "confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the "mind." Further he says of him, "That he hath prophesied "his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Ti-"bullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, "from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the laurel on "the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very "lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed "it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

In

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from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others. It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

" —In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
" But I, the true laureat, to whom the King gave it?
" Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
" But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

*Session of Poets.*

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram, made on that occasion:

" In merry old England it once was a rule,
" The King had his poet, and also his fool:
" But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
" That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet."

Of Blackmore, see book ii. Of Philips, book i. ver. 262. and book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet-laureat, a cold writer of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

Ver. 106. *And all the mighty mad*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's miscellanies, vol. iii. No—it is spoken of that *excellent* and *divine madness*, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those *extraordinary hints and motions* whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on book ii. ver. 268.]

Ibid. *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. No. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of *Furius.* " The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an " object of pity, than that of which he daily provokes, laughter " and contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor* man " [*I wish that reflection on* poverty *had been spared,*] suffers by be- " ing contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hear- " ing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes

In each ſhe marks her image full expreſt,
But chief in Bays's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Bays,

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Ver. 108. *But chief in Bays*, &c.] In the former edit. thus,

But chief, in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees gods with demons in ſtrange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battle wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſat,
And pin'd unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſat, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet intitled, *Shakeſpeare reſtor'd*. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakeſpeare, he publiſhed advertiſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this reſtorer, who was at that time ſoliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his deſign, till after its publication: (which he was ſince not aſhamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookſeller to raiſe an *extravagant ſubſcription;* in which he had no ſhare, of which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had publicly advertiſed in his own propoſals for *Homer*. Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this poem, which he ſeems to deſerve no other way better than his brethren; unleſs we impute it to the ſhare he had in the Journals, cited among the *Teſtimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

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" attend to him with a ſilent nod, and let him go away with the " triumphs of his ill-nature—*Poor* Furius, [*again*] when any of " his cotemporaries are ſpoken well of, quitting the ground of " the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a thouſand years to call in the " ſuccour of the ancients. His very panegyric is ſpiteful, and he " uſes it for the ſame reaſon as ſome ladies do their commenda- " tions of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good " word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their " company. His applauſe is not the tribute of his *heart*, but the " ſacrifice of his *revenge*." Indeed his pieces againſt our poet are ſomewhat of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce extant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curious. " A " young, ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe outward form, though it " ſhould be that of downright monkey, would not differ ſo much " from human ſhape as his unthinking immaterial part does from " human underſtanding.—He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a

Bays, form'd by nature ſtage and town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with ſucceſs. 110

Dulneſs

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" hunch-backed toad.——A book through which folly and igno-
" rance, theſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do ridiculouſly
" look very big and very dull, and ſtrut and hobble, cheek by
" joul, with their arms on kimbo, being led and ſupported, and
" bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence." *Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm*, p. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this fury; they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive: " I regard him (ſaith he) as an *enemy*, " not ſo much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my reli- " gion, and to that liberty which has been the ſole felicity of my " life. A vagary of fortune, who is ſometimes pleaſed to be fro- " licſome, and the epidemic *madneſs of the times* have given him " *reputation*, and reputation (as Hobbes ſays) is *power*, and *that* " *has made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to " King George, whoſe faithful ſubject I am, to my *country*, of " which I have appeared a conſtant lover; to the laws, under " whoſe protection I ſo long lived; and to the *liberty* of my *coun-* " *try*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty " years been a conſtant aſſertor, *&c.* I look upon it as my duty, " I ſay, to do—*you ſhall ſee what*—to pull the lion's ſkin from " this little aſs, which popular error has thrown round him; and " to ſhow that this author, who has lately been ſo much in vogue, " has neither ſenſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions." DENNIS, *Rem. on Hom. pref.* p. 2, 91, &c.

Beſides theſe public ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expreſſing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. " The ſtory (ſays he) is too " long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear " it from Mr. Curl, my bookſeller.——However, what my reaſon " has ſuggeſted to me, that I have in juſt confidence ſaid, in de- " fiance of his two clandeſtine weapons, his *ſlander* and his *poiſon*." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D's ſuſpicion was that of being *poiſoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of which fact ſee " A full and true account of a " horrid and barbarous revenge, by poiſon, on the body of Ed- " mund Curl," printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe, in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two-pence, called, " A " true character of Mr. Pope and his writings," printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is ſaid " to have in-

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.

Now

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"sulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself "gave them, by administering *poison* to them;" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad;
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secur'd in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writ-"ings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of "*sound learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *penetration* "and *judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do "sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ plays "more to get *reputation* than *money*." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's lives of dram. poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. *Bays, form'd by nature*, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have al-"lowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and "again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that "our poet did; but he spoke worse of him than he could possibly "think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *wit*, or for

Now (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold viſage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and ſupperleſs the hero ſat, 115
Blaſphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
Then gnaw'd his pen, then daſh'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair. 120

Round

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" ſome *profit* or *lucre* to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to ſhew his claim to what the poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he would have the *laſt word*; which occaſioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, " 'Tho' in verſe you foreclose,
" I'll have the laſt word; for, by G—, I'll write proſe."
Poor Colly, thy reas'ning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt word is the word that laſts longeſt.

Ver. 113. *ſhame to Fortune!*] Becauſe ſhe uſually ſhews favour to perſons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it.

Ver. 115. *ſupperleſs the hero ſat,*] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the former commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth, a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to repreſent ſuch hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our author: it was to give us obliquely, a curious precept, or what Boſſu calls, *a diſguiſed ſentence*, that " temperance " is the life of ſtudy." The language of poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. Scribl.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? Beſides, how well has the poet conſulted his heroic character, in adding, that he *ſwore* all the time? Bentl.

Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play:
Nonsense precipitate like running lead,
That slipt through cracks and zig-zags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
Fruits of dull Heat, and sooterkins of Wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

The

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 121. *Round him much embryo*, &c.] In the former editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.———

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay*,]
" ——round he throws his eyes,
" That witness'd huge affliction and dismay." MILT. b. i.
The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the devil in Milton) through a *chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation.

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Ver. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes*,] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

Ver. 132. *The frippery*] " When I fitted up an old play, it was " as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not bet- " ter employment." *Life*, p. 217, *octavo*.

Ver. 133. *hapless Shakespeare*, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespeare. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, " subscribed to Mr. Pope's " Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope " did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a " joke." *Letter to Mr. P.* p. 24.

The rest on outside merit but presume, 135
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

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This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8. "That to expose any errors in it was impracti-"cable." And in another, April 27. "That whatever care "might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would "still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them "all."

Ver. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespeare, "that he never blotted a "line." Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the *stage*, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their *editions*.

Ver. 135. *The rest on outside merit*, &c.] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. *Ogilby the great;*] "John Ogilby was one, who from "a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might "well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world "so many *large volumes!* His translations of Homer and Virgil "*done to the life*, and *with such excellent sculptures:* and (what "added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special* "*good paper*, and in a *very good letter*." WINSTANLY, *Lives of* "*Poets*.

Ver. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:*] "The *Duchess of Newcastle* was one who busied herself in the ra-"vishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity to print three "*ample volumes* of her studious endeavours." WINSTANLY, *ib.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and her coat of arms upon them.

Here

Here all his ſuff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library of Greece and Rome 145
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But high above, more ſolid learning ſhone,
The claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 146. In the firſt edition it was

Well purg'd, and W—y, W—s, and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the ſurreptitious editions, *W—ly*, *W—s*, who were perſons eminent for good life; the one writ the life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious ſubjects. The line is here reſtored according to its original.

"*George Withers* was a great pretender to political zeal againſt "the vices of the times, and abuſed the great perſonages in "power, which brought upon him *frequent correction*. The *Mar-* "*ſhalſea* and *Newgate* were no ſtrangers to him." WINSTANLY. *Quarles* was as dull a writer, but an honeſter man. *Blome*'s books are remarkable for their cuts.

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Ver. 146. *worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother-laureat; only indeed upon half pay, for the city inſtead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, birth-days, *&c.* 2. Banks was his rival in *tragedy*, (though more ſucceſsful) in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Eſſex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſſed in a ſort of *beggars velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick fuſtian* and *thin proſaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Iſidora*, *Cæſar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben Johnſon, who once picked up a *comedy* from his betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his maſter, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. *More ſolid learning*] Some have objected that books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, which they

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 140. In the former editions,

The page admires new beauties not its own.

"Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma." Virg. Georg. ii.

There Caxton ſlept with Wynkyn at his ſide, 149
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bend.

Of

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imagined conſiſted of novels, plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the *dry bodies of divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his father when he deſigned him for the gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. *Caxton*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII.; Wynkyn de Word; his ſucceſſor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his own proem, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happen-
" ed that to my hande came a lytyl booke in french, whiche late
" was tranſlated out of latyn by ſome noble clerke of fraunce,
" which booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble
" poete and grete clerke Vyrgyle) which book I ſawe over and
" redde therein, How after the generall deſtruccyon of the grete
" Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader Anchiſes upon his
" ſholders, his lytyl ſon yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche
" other people followynge, and how he ſhipped and departed;
" wythe all the ſtorye of his adventures that he had er he cam to
" the atchievement of his conqueſt of ytaly, as all alonge ſhall be
" ſhewed in this preſent booke. In whiche booke I had grete playſyr,
" by cauſe of the fayr and honeſt termes and wordes in frenche,
" whiche I never ſawe to fore lyke, ne none ſo playſant ne ſo well
" ordred; whiche booke, as me ſeemed ſhold be moch requyſite to
" noble men to ſee, as wel for the eloquence as the hyſtores.
" How wel that many hundred yerys paſſed was the ſaid booke of
" Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in ſcolis,
" eſpecially in ytaly and other places, which hiſtorye the ſayd
" Vyrgyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare paſſage from him in *Miſſ's Journal* of *March* 16, 1728, concerning a *ſtrange and merwayllouſe beaſte called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakeſpeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer*.

Ver. 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in phyſic. "He tranſ-
" lated *ſo many books*, that a man would think he had done *no-*
" *thing elſe*; inſomuch that he might be called *Tranſlator gen-*

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 155
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base; 160
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
Then he: great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:
O thou!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 162. *A twisted*, &c.] in the former edit.

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. *a little Ajax*] in *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

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" *ral of his age.* The books alone of his turning into English are " sufficient to make a *country-gentleman* a *complete library.*"

WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tell us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in fashion.* It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. " Whatever " contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine periwig, " my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, " knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the " head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of " drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than " could possibly be hoped for in an ill made one. This, perhaps, " may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase " might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made

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Ver. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,*] A te principium, tibi desinet.— Virg. eccl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε Μῦσαι. Theoc.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna. Hor.

O thou! of bus'nesſ the directing ſoul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and ſenſe;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead! 180
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly thro' the ſky;

As

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Or, if to wit*, &c.] In the former edit.

Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhew her coward face and dies:
There thy good ſcholiaſts with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a week,
For thee ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;

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" his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do " upon a lady of pleaſure, firſt by a few familiar praiſes of her per- " ſon, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finiſh- " ed our bargain that night over a bottle." See *Life*, *octavo*, p. 303. This remarkable periwig uſually made its entrance upon the ſtage in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

Ver. 178, 179. *Guard the ſure barrier—or quite unravel*, &c.] For *wit* or *reaſoning* are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in *truth*, and the other in *uſefulneſs*.

Ver. 181. *As forc'd from wind-guns*, &c.] The thought of theſe four verſes is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the author of a poem called *Succeſſio*.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs, and Dulneſs could inſpire, 185
And were my elaſticity, and fire.
Some Demon ſtole my pen, (forgive th' offence),
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe;
Elſe all my proſe and verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
Did on the ſtage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure, had Heav'n decreed to ſave the ſtate, 195
Heav'n had decreed theſe works a longer date.

VARIATIONS.

Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Var. *Nor ſleeps one error—Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders*, &c.] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove *Shakeſpeare* guilty of terrible *anachroniſms*, or low *conundrums*, which time had covered: and converſant in ſuch authors as *Caxton* and *Wynkyn*, rather than in *Homer* or *Chaucer*. Nay, ſo far had he loſt his reverence to this incomparable author, as to ſay in print, *He deſerved to be whipt*. An inſolence which nothing ſure can parallel! but that of *Dennis*, who can be proved to have declared before company, that "Shakeſpeare was a raſcal." *O tempora! O mores!* SCRIBL.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a-week*] For ſome time, once a-week or a fortnight he printed in *Miſſ's Journal* a ſingle remark or poor conjecture on ſome word or pointing of Shakeſpeare, either in his own name, or in letters to himſelf as from others without name. Upon theſe ſomebody made this epigram,

"'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
"To help us thus to read the works of others:
"Never for this can juſt rewards be ſhown;
"For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;*] As to *Cook's Heſiod*, where ſometimes a note, and ſometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him: and to *Moore's comedy* of the *Rival Modes*, and other authors of the ſame rank: theſe were people who writ about the year 1726.

Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now, my Fletcher cast aside?
Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200
Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my god?

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. *Yet sure had Heav'n*, &c.] In the former editions,

Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be sav'd, &c.———

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Ver. 198.—*grey-goose weapon*] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long-bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

Ver. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est "le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince "of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought "fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: But had my "father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows "but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into "a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual *odes*, sermons "and *pastoral letters?*" Apology for his life, chap. iii.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed*, &c.]

"Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
"Has mihi servassent sedes. —— Virg. Æn. ii.

Ver. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd——This grey-goose weapon*]

——— "Si Pergama dextra
"Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent." Virg. ibid.

Ver. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my god?*]

Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod missile libro*.
Virgil of the gods of Mezentius.

Or

Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist).
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal; 210
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

Hold

REMARKS.

Ver. 203. *At* White's *amidst the* doctors] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of over-bearing; but, like true masters of arts, were only habited in *black* and *white*: they were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragibiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: the DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false dice*, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

Ver. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
"Porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings? canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird in Eccl. ix.

——— "argutos *inter strepere* anser olores."

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo?"

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not ("repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis") to correct it *auritis.* Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 213. *Hold—to the minister*] In the former editions,

Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.

REMARKS.

——— "*Auritas* fidibus canoris
"Duceris quercus."

And to say that "walls have ears," is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. *And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, as the "*geese* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held the Ca-"pitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their "enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they "had been possessed of the Capitol." Epist. dedic. to the Leviathan.

Ver. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.

Ver. 218. *Cibberian forehead,*] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureat being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great "modesty"—"modest Cibber."—Read, therefore, at my peril, "Cerberian "forehead." This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Homerical;* the *dog* was the ancient, as the *bitch* is the modern, symbol of impudence: (Κυνος ὄμματ' ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon), which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verse, "Cibberian brain," that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL.

Where

Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault);
Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] In the former editions,

Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair, without spot; than greas'd by grocers' hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wasting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit alehouse, where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it, &c.——

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And visit alehouse*] *Waller* on the navy,

Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

REMARKS.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. *My better and more Christian progeny!*] "It may be "observable, that my Muse and my spouse were equally prolific; "that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same "year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a "dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some *died* "in their *infancy*," &c. Life of C. C. *p.* 217. 8vo. edition.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]

——— "Felix Priamëia virgo!
"Jussa mori: quæ fortitus non pertulit ullos,
"Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
"Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ," &c.
Virg. Æn. iii.

Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a paſs, and vagrant thro' the land;
Nor ſail with Ward, to Ape-and monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not ſulphur-tipt, emblaze an alehouſe-fire; 235
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your ſire!
O! paſs more innocent, in infant-ſtate,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt! 240
Soon to that maſs of nonſenſe to return!
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous ſign of grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſev'nfold face:

### Remarks.

Ver. 231. *gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a paſs,*] It was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer), and to ſend them *poſt-free* to all the towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233.—*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward "Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibraſtic verſe, but beſt "known by the London Spy, in proſe. He has of late years kept "a public houſe in the city, (but in a genteel way, and with his "wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his gueſts a plea-"ſurable entertainment, eſpecially thoſe of the high church par-"ty." Jacob, lives of poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly ſold into the plantations.—Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting that his public houſe was not in the *city*, but in *Moorfields*.

Ver. 238,—240. *Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predeceſſors in the laurel.

Ver. 243. *With that, a tear (portentous ſign of grace!)* &c.] It is to be obſerved, that our poet hath made his hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender paſſions. He was indeed ſo given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player ſwore, if he did not "make a good actor, he would be damn'd;" "the ſurpriſe of being condemned by one, who had been himſelf "ſo eminent on the ſtage, and in ſo *poſitive a manner*, was more "than he could ſupport. In a word, (ſays he) it almoſt took a-"way my breath, and (laugh if you pleaſe) fairly drew tears from "my eyes." P. 149. of his life, octavo.

And

And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250
Great

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the former editions,
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze, *&c.*

Var. *Now flames old* Memnon, *now* Rodrigo *burns,*
*In one quick flash see* Proserpine *expire.*]

*Memnon*, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

" By Heav'n, it fires my frozen blood with rage,
" And makes it scald my aged trunk."——

*Rodrigo*, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother*, (a play written between *Tibbald* and a watchmaker). The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the farces of this author, in which *Ceres*, setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the play-house.

REMARKS.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. " This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance " on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines): the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,*] Ovid, of Althæa, on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

" Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
" Cœpta quater tenuit."

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid, &c.*]

" ——Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
" Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet
" Ucalegon."——

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd

VARIATIONS.

Var. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire:*] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree; but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation: upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram,

"Alas! poor *Æschylus!* unlucky dog!
"Whom once a *lobster* kill'd, and now a *log*."

But this is a grievous error, for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, *testæ* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12. SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

Ver. 253. *The dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the government.*

"Qui méprise Cotin, n' estime point son Roi,
"Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi." BOIL.

He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously "pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds "for it." And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil, Æn. ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan horse*; there having never been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks*; and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

"———Uterumque armato milite complent.—
"Inclusos utero Danaos"———

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
Down sinks the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260
Her ample presence fills up all the place:
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome: 265
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.

REMARKS.

Can a horse be said *Utero gerere?* Again,

" ———Uteroque recusso,
" Insonuere cavæ———
" ———Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere."

Nay, it is expressly said,

" Scandit fatalis machina muros
" Fœta armis"———

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse?* And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin goddess *Pallas* would employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? but this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil Restored. SCRIBL.

Ver. 258. *Thulè*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Ver. 265. *sacred dome:*] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs*
*She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.*]

" Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
" Cœricolis, et quanta solet——— Virg. Æn. ii.
" Et lætos oculis afflavit honores." Id. Æn. i.

So,

So, spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shews,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind: 275
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former edit. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in octavo 1715.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. *Great mother*] *Magna mater*, here applied to *Dulness*. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly inquiring *Quid nunc?* What news?

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 269. *This the great mother*, &c.]
"Urbs antiqua fuit———
"Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
"Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
"(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque."
Virg. Æn. i.

'Twixt

'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286
The Goddeſs then o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred opium ſhed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald, (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written), was bred an attorney, and ſon to an attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Stittenburn in Kent. He was author of ſome forgotten plays, tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the *Cenſor*, and a tranſlation of Ovid. " There " is a notorious ideot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-ſpur-leather to the law, is become an under-ſtrapper to the " play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued the Metamorphoſes of " Ovid by a vile tranſlation, *&c.* This fellow is concerned in an " impertinent paper called the *Cenſor.*" DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid. *Ozell.*] " Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go " to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where *ſomebody* left him *ſomething* " to live on, when he ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was deſigned " to be ſent to Cambridge, in order for prieſthood; but he choſe " rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in the city, being " qualified for the ſame by his ſkill in arithmetic, and writing the " neceſſary hands. He has obliged the world with many tranſla- " tions of French plays." JACOB, lives of *Dram. Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all ſarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the *Weekly Medley*, &c. " As to my *learning*, this envious wretch knew, and " every body knows, that the *whole bench of biſhops*, not long " ago, were pleaſed to give me a *purſe of guineas*, for diſcover- " ing the erroneous tranſlations of the Common Prayer in Por- " tugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, *&c.* As for my *genius*, let " Mr. Cleland ſhew better verſes in all Pope's works, then Ozell's " verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was ſo " pleaſed with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate " it to him, *&c.* Let him ſhew better and truer poetry in the " Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket *(la Sacchia rapita)*. And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declar- " ed Ozell's tranſlation of Homer *to be*, as it was *prior*, ſo likewiſe " *ſuperior* to Pope's—Surely, ſurely, every man is free to deſerve " well of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the *bench of biſhops*, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

And

And lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl) 290
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My ſon! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns moleſt, 295
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a friend at court. 300

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293. *Know Euſden*, &c.] In the former editions,
Know, Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt.
I ſee a King! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns;
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee!—Then rapt ſhe ſpoke no more,
God ſave King Tibbald! Grub-ſtreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's black, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 290. *a heideggre*] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Ver. 296. *Withers*.] See on verſe 146.

Ibid. *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels of the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing Popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called *the New Rehearſal*, printed in 1714; in a third, intitled, *The complete art of Engliſh Poetry*, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. *Howard*,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Lift

Lift up your gates, ye princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid de camp, lead on my ſons, 305
Light arm'd with points, antitheſes, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the king. 310
O! when ſhall riſe a monarch all our own,
And I, a nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people cloſe the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, ſtarve the learned band, 315
And ſuckle armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
Till ſenates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an ode of thine."
She ceas'd. Then ſwells the chapel-royal throat:
God ſave King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320

Remarks.

Ver. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing,—Gaming*, &c.] When the ſtatute againſt gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the king, by ancient cuſtom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the ſummer the court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty, accidentally being acquainted of, with a juſt indignation prohibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the court reſides, and the hazard-table there open to all the profeſſed gameſters in town.

" *Greateſt* and *juſteſt* Sov'reign; know you this?
" Alas! no more, than *Thames'* calm *head* can know,
" Whoſe meads his *arms* drown, or whoſe corn o'erflow."
Donne to Queen Eliz.

Imitations.

Ver. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]
" ——— Quorum imagines lambunt
" Hederæ ſequaces." Perſ.

Ver. 311. *O! when ſhall riſe a monarch*, &c.] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. ii.
" Helas! qu'eſt devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
" Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans:" &c.

Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole. 325
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

Loud

REMARKS.

Ver. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birth-day and new-year odes.

Ver. 324. *But pious Needham*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and "make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set on the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil-tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court. Upon which a wit of those times made this epigram,

"When laureats make odes, Do you ask of what sort?
"Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
"You may judge—From the Devil they come to the court,
"And go from the court to the Devil."

Ver. 328.—*Ogilby*)—*God save King Log!*] See Ogilby's Æsop's fables, where, in the story of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness towards these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may "be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: what we call a "*genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a "prevalent inclination: and if it be never so great, he can at first "discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which "renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other "method but to make the experiment by writing, and so appeal-"ing to the judgment of others: and if he happens to write ill,

Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

" (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf), he is immediately made the
" object of ridicule! I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect, that
" even the worſt authors might endeavour to pleaſe us, and, in
" that endeavour, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no
" cauſe to quarrel with them, but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting,
" and even that may admit of alleviating circumſtances: for their
" particular friends may be either ignorant, or unſincere; and the
" reſt of the world too well bred to ſhock them with a truth which
" generally their bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe people, may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſtant conduct and conſtant fate, in the following epigram:

" Ye little wits, that gleam'd a while,
" When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
" Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
" How ſoon ye fade away!

" To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
" Thus empty vapours riſe;
" Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
" That rear'd him to the ſkies.

" Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
" There he ſhall ever burn:
" Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
" And muſt to earth return."

End *of the* First Book.

# THE
# DUNCIAD:
## TO
## DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

### BOOK THE SECOND.

## ARGUMENT.

*The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public* games *and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the* Goddess *in person, (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia,* &c. *were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss* xxiv. *proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles. Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as it is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the* booksellers, *and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a* poetess. *Then follow the exercises for the* poets *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *The first holds forth the arts and practices of* dedicators, *the second of* disputants *and* fustian poets, *the third of* profound, dark, *and* dirty party-writers. *Lastly, for the* critics, *the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in* verse, *and the other in* prose, *deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.*

THE

# THE DUNCIAD.

## BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far outſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,
Or

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all verbal criticiſm is founded and ſupported: the firſt, that an author could never fail to uſe the *beſt word* on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a critic cannot chuſe but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt, that the author could *never have uſed it*; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting *hoarſe* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a critic, he merits the acknowledgement of all ſound commentators.

Ver. 2. *Henley's gilt tub*,] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, *The Primitive Euchariſt*. See the hiſtory of his perſon, book iii.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat*,] Parody of Milton, book ii.

" High on a throne of royal ſtate, that far
" Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind;
" Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
" Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
" Satan exalted ſat."

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
Great Cibber sat: the proud Parnassian sneer, 5
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze;

REMARKS.

Ibid. *or Fleckno's Irish throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne;—ἐπὶ θρόνου τινὸς ὑψηλοῦ μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς Themistius, orat. i.

Ver. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,*] Edmund Curl stood on the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion.—I had indeed the "corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are "pleased jocosely to call *mounting the rostrum* for one hour: "but that scene of action was not in the month of *March*, but in "*February*." [*Curliad*, 12mo. p. 19. And of *the history of his being tossed in a blanket*, he saith, "Here *Scriblerus!* thou leeseth "in what thou asserteth concerning the blanket: it was not a "*blanket*, but a *rug*." p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned book i. were not *brazen*, but *blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well *our own errors* now, as formerly those of the *printer*. Since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of *truth*, not in the least any vain glory, or desire to contend with *great authors*. And further, our mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for surely, in this work, it hath been above all things our desire, *to prevail no man*. SCRIBL.

His

His peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face. 10
So from the ſun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol ſaw Querno ſit, 15
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the antichriſt of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They ſummon all her race: an endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd, 25
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (ſo Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane. 30

With authors, ſtationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)

Remarks.

Ver. 15. *Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced *as a buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jeſt which the court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to *weep for joy**. He was ever a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

* *See Life of C. C. cap.* vi. p. 149.

Glory

Glory and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes, 35
And bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degen'rate days. 40
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain, 45
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, ſo juſt a copy of a wit;

So

REMARKS.

Ver. 44. *A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;*] *i. e.*
" A trifling head, and a contracted heart,"
as the poet, book iv. deſcribes the *accompliſhed* ſons of Dulneſs; of whom this is only an *image*, or ſcarecrow, and ſo ſtuffed out with theſe correſponding materials. SCRIBL.

Ver. 47. *Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of *Dul-*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35. *A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.

" Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *ſini viribus umbram*
" In faciem Æneæ (viſu mirabile monſtrum!)
" Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
" Divini aſſimilat capitis———
———" Dat *inania verba*,
" Dat *ſine mente ſonum*"——

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary: there ſeems to me a great propriety in this epiſode, where ſuch an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting bookſeller.

Ver. 39. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,*]
" Vix illud lecti bis ſex———
" Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Ver. Æn. xii.

So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50
All

REMARKS.

*neſs* making a wit, (which could be done no other way than by *chance*). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

Ver. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] Curl, in his key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith, Eſq; and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the *Teſtimonies*) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe, indeed, was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (ſaid "the thief, finding himſelf detected), do not expoſe me, I did it for "mere want; be ſo good but to take it privately out of my pocket "again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cried out, "See, Gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! "look, he is ſtealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbuthnot*, a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the *South-ſea*, and of Mr. *Pope*, the Memoirs of a pariſh clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. *Young*—*F. Billers*, Eſq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope*'s Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *April* 3, 1728), "That the contempt which he and others had for thoſe "pieces" (which only himſelf had ſhewn, and handed about as his own) "occaſioned their being loſt, and for that cauſe only not "returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but he could be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following epigram:

"*More* always ſmiles whenever he recites;
"He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
"And yet in this no vanity is ſhewn;
"A modeſt man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a paſſion to be thought a wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance atteſted by Mr. *Savage*, ſon of the late Earl *Rivers*; who having ſhewn ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. *More*, wherein Mr. Pope was called *firſt of the tuneful train*; Mr. *More* the next morning

All gaze with ardour: ſome a poet's name,
Others a ſword knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and ſhall end." 55
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?

REMARKS.

ſent to Mr. *Savage* to deſire him to give theſe verſes another turn, to wit, "That *Pope* might now be the *firſt*, becauſe *More* had left "him unrivalled in turning his ſtyle to comedy." This was during the rehearſal of the *Rival Modes*, his firſt and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt motto,

"Hic cæſtus, artemque repono."

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, An Epigram on the bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans*: *Coſmelia*, by Mr. *Pitt*, Mr. *Jones*, *&c.* The Mock Marriage of a Mad Divine, with a Cl— for a parſon, by Dr. *W*. The Saw-pit, a ſimile, by a *friend*. Certain phyſical works on Sir *James Baker*; and ſome unowned letters, advertiſements, and epigrams, againſt our author in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the perſon imagined by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, which every reader had done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpelled *Moore*, but *More*; and laſtly, ſince the learned *Scriblerus* has ſo well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. *the phantom More*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. *More* from μῶρος. *ſtultus*, μωρία, *ſtultitia*, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, "Admonuit me *Mori* cognomen tibi, quod tam "ad *Moriæ* vocabulum accedit quam es ipſe a re alienus." Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the Farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, "Vale, More! et mo-"riam tuam gnaviter defende." Adieu More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

Ver. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the epiſode of the bookſellers: perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a *bull*. This eminent bookſeller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned.

Fear

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl; "Behold that rival here!
"The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
"So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said), and run.

### Remarks.

Ver. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl;*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very *names* their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the *state*, the *church*, and the *law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned, that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, it is like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the gods;* he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients; she honours him with an immortal present, (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive and prophetical: after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the *court-poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, "the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good "or bad man."

### Imitations.

Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell,*]
"Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est."
Hor. de Arte.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, 61
He left huge Lintot, and outſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head, 65
Wide as a windmill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make: 70

REMARKS.

Ver. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 61. *&c.* Something like this is in Homer, Il. x. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame author in his ſimiles are alſo imitated in the two following; the firſt, of the bailiff, is ſhort, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from *familiar life*; the ſecond, of the water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life*. The 59th verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer.

Ver. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*
*So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,*]

——" So eagerly the fiend
" O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtreight, rough, denſe, or rare,
" With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
" And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."
Milton, book ii.

Ver. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſtate,*
*And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.*]

Milton, of the motion of the ſwan,
——————" rows,
" His ſtate with oary feet."
And Dryden, of another's,—*With two left-legs*—

(Such

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning-cates before his neighbour's ſhop;)
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd, 75
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
Hear Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any god's, or more; 80

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. *Obſcene with filth*, &c.] Though this incident may ſeem too low and baſe for the dignity of an epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words ὀνθος and *ſimus* are uſed by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raiſed the verſification, in this epiſode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden in *Mac Fleckno*, has not ſcrupled to mention the *morning-toaſt* at which the fiſhes bite in the Thames, "Piſſing Alley, relics of the bum," &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer ſays of Virgil in his Georgics) "toſſes about his *dung* with an air of majeſty." If we conſider that the exerciſes of his *authors* could with juſtice be no higher than "tickling, chattering, braying, or diving," it was no eaſy matter to invent ſuch games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *bookſellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Niſus, the perſons drawn in this plight, are *heroes*, whereas here they are ſuch with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; beſides the natural connection there is between libellers and common nuiſances. Nevertheleſs I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what coſt him moſt trouble, and pleaſed him leaſt; but that he hoped it was excuſable, ſince levelled at ſuch as underſtand no delicate ſatire: thus the politeſt men are ſometimes obliged to *ſwear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyſter-wenches.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide*,]
"Labitur infelix, cæſis ut forte juvencis
"Fuſus humum viridesque ſuper madefecerat herbas—
"Concidit, immundoque fimo, ſacroque cruore."
Virg. Æn. v. of Niſus.

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]
—"Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne ſonaret." Virg. Eccl. vi.

And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply; 90
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r, 95
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.

### Remarks.

Ver. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms.*] The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

Ver. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus, where this fiction is more extended.

Ver. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

——ῥέε δ' ἀμβροτον αἷμα Θέοιο
Ἰχώρ, οἷός περ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.

"A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
"Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed." Milton.

Ver. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman goddess of the common-sewers.

Ver. 101. *Where as he fish'd*, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's miscellanies.

### Imitations.

Ver. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,*]
"Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
"Cœlestesque plagas"—— Ovid. Met. xii.

Renew'd

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong 105
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand; 110
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.

No

REMARKS.

Ver. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

Ver. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. *an unpaid tailor*] This line has been boldly complained of in Mist, June 8. Dedic. to Sawney and others, as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty of poets*: but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of *tailors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis

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Ver. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]
——— " faciem ostentabat, et udo
" Turpia membra fimo" ——— Virg. Æn. v.

Ver. 111. *A shapless shade*, &c.]
——— " Effugit imago
" Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."
Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 114. *His papers, light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;*]
Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,
" Carmina———
" Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."

No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ. 120
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: deluſive thought! 125
Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape. 130

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ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that, "if Homer himſelf "was not in debt, it was becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. *like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;*] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary. ——Bezaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers—— "Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of "the Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expoſe "Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome ladies of quality," ſays Curl, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins,*] Bookſellers, and printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

Ver. 126. *Breval, Bond, Bezaleel,*] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, ſince theſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt ſight it may ſeem; but be not deceived, reader; theſe alſo are not real perſons. It is true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called *The Confederates;* but the ſaid Curl firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay: is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our poet: but where is ſuch a ſatire to be found? where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As for Bezaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou mayſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms. Scribl.

Ver. 128. *Joſeph Gay,* a fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's. ——The ambiguity of the word *Joſeph,* which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea.

To

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from duchesses and Lady Maries); 136
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140

With

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Ver. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town:*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.

Ver. 137.—*this magic gift*] In verity (saith *Scriblerus*) a very bungling trick. How much better might our worthy brethren of Grub-street be taught (as in many things they have already been) by the modern masters of Polemics? who, when they make free with their neighbours, seize upon their *good works* rather than their *good name;* as knowing that those will produce a *name* of their own.

Ver. 138. *Cook shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. *and Concanen, Swift:*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself, (presuming him to be author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary at-

With that ſhe gave him, (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)
A ſhag-

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tacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, drew in *parts* of *private character*, and introduced *perſons independent of his ſubject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets, (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern). But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author:

"The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
"(Tho' neither birds of moral kind),
"Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
"To ſhew us which way blows the wind.

"Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
"Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
"Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
"And point inſtruction ev'ry way.

"With Egypt's art thy pen may ſtrive;
"One potent drop let this but ſhed,
"And ev'ry rogue that ſtunk alive,
"Becomes a precious mummy dead."

Ver. 142. *rueful length of face*] "The decrepit perſon or figure "of a man are no reflections upon his *genius*: an honeſt mind "will love and eſteem a *man of worth*, though he be deformed "or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a perſon "for his *rueful length of face*!" Miſt's Journal, June 8. This *genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honeſt mind ſhould *love*, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he ſtood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith

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Ver. 141, 142. —— *piteous of his caſe,*
*Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face,*]

"——— Riſit pater optimus illi.—
"Me liceat caſum miſereri inſontis amici—
"Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis," &c.

Virg. Æn. v.

A ſhaggy tap'ſtry, worthy to be ſpread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Inſtructive

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excellently: " Natural deformity comes not by our fault; it is " often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, which a man can " no more help than a monſter can his deformity. There is no " one misfortune, and no one diſeaſe, but what all the reſt of man- " kind are ſubject to.—But the deformity of this *author* is viſible, " preſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to himſelf. It is the " mark of God and nature upon him, to give us warning that we " ſhould hold no ſociety with him, as a creature not of our origi- " nal, nor of our ſpecies: and they who have refuſed to take this " warning which God and nature have given them, and have, in " ſpite of it, by a ſenſeleſs preſumption ventured to be familiar " with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, *&c.* It is certain his original " is not from Adam, but from the devil," *&c.* Dennis character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. " That the language of Billingſgate can never be the language of " charity, nor conſequently of Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? yet I conſider it really hurts not him; whereas to call ſome others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little aſs* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothleſs lion*, or an *old ſerpent*. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balotro*, *calceatum caput*, *ſcurra in triviis*, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: but in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preſerved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhews his humanity. But it was far otherwiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable verſes:

" While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
" Its own celeſtial fire;
" While critics, and while bards in rage,
" Admiring, won't admire:

Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146

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" While wayward pens thy worth assail,
" And envious tongues decry;
" These times tho' many a friend bewail,
" These times bewail not I.

" But when the world's loud praise is thine,
" And spleen no more shall blame,
" When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
" In one establish'd fame:

" When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
" Devote a wreath to thee;
" That day (for come it will) that day
" Shall lament to see."

Ver. 143. *A shaggy tap'stry,*] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff: like that which is spoken of by Donne—" Faces as frightful as theirs who whip " Christ in old hangings." The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his *poverty* very copiously, sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.

*Lectus erat Codro*, &c.

" Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
" That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
" His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
" Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;
" And to support this noble plate, there lay
" A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
" His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
" Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
" Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
" And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
" 'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
" And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost." DRYDEN.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, " that Juvenal never " satirised the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he wrote Neck or nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire, and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Earless

Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue. 150
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd), what ſtreet, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen, 155
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;

Fair

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Ver. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: he was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying Poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Ver. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,*] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, *&c.* in Swift and Pope's miſcell.

Ver. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,*] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licen-

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Ver. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,*]

" Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
" Conſtitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
" Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?" Virg. Æn. i.

Ver. 156. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on theſe lines of a late noble author:

" His bleeding arm hath furniſh'd all their rooms,
" And run for ever purple in the looms."

Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd. 160
The goddeſs then: " Who beſt can ſend on high
" The ſalient ſpout, far ſtreaming to the ſky;
" His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
" With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
" This china jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
" Repleniſh, not inglorioufly, at home."

Oſborne

REMARKS.

tiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcribblers (for the moſt part of that ſex, which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance of private happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not ſhew his indignation, hath ſhewn his contempt as much as poſſible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be repreſented in the colours of epic poeſy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood;* this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, ſee CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herſelf " to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the *ſweetneſs of his diſ-* " *poſition*, and that *tenderneſs with which he conſidered the errors of his* " *fellow creatures;* that, though ſhe ſhould find the *little inad-* " *vertencies* of her *own life* recorded in his papers, ſhe was certain " it would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hiſt. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

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Ver. 158. *Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;*]
" Creſſa genus, Pholoë, geminique ſub ubere nati."
Virg. Æn. v.

Ver. 163. ——*yon Juno*——
*With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.*]
In alluſion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

Ver. 165. *This china jordan*]
" Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito." Virg. Æn. vi.

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife).
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size. 170
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd);
A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
The wild Meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.

Not

REMARKS.

Ver. 167. *Osborne, Thomas*] A bookseller in Gray's-inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhap-" py as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to

IMITATIONS.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place, Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Ver. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
*One on his vigour*]
" Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa;
" Hic membris et mole valens." Virg. Æn. v.

Ver. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow———*
*Sure sign,———*

The words of Homer, of the rainbow, in Iliad xi.

——— ὡς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ ςήριξε, τέρας μεροπῶν ἀνθρώπων.

" Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nües, pour être dans " tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels." Dacier.

Not so from shameless Curl: impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180
So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift

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" his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your " subscribers, can this be done! What an ingratitude to be charged " on the *only honest poet* that lived in 1738! and than whom *Vir-* " *tue* has not had a *shriller trumpeter* for many ages! That you " were once *generally admired and esteemed*, can be denied by " none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified " by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.

Ver. 183. *Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus:

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage *glow*.

This I cannot but think the right: for, first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he used this word *glow* in other parts of his works. To instance only in his Homer:

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Ver. 181, 182. *So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus*]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus. Georg. iv.

" Et gemina auratus taurino *cornua* vultu,
" Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
" In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis."

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

" Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
" Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
" Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
" To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods."

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes; 185
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, leadſt away.
Oſborne, thro' perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home. 190
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad Nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His Honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt, 195
"He wins this patron, who can tickle beſt."

He-

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(1) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one reſentment glows.
(2) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3) Ibid. ver. 985.—The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.
(4) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompaſs'd Hector glows.
(5) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows.
(6) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent: but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time. But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBL.

Ver. 187. *The high-wrought day,*] Some affirm, this was originally, *well-p—ſt day;* but the poet's decency would not ſuffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifeſts great anger; he exclaims againſt all ſuch *conjectural emendations* in this manner: "Let it "ſuffice, O Pallas! that every noble ancient, *Greek* or *Roman*, "hath ſuffered the impertinent correction of every *Dutch*, *Ger-* "*man* and *Switz* ſchoolmaſter! Let our Engliſh at leaſt eſcape,

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state;
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

But

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" whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as not to be im-
" paired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to
" call their works their own, and after death at least to find rest
" and sanctuary from critics! When these men have ceased to
" *rail*, let them not begin to do worse, to *comment!* Let them
" not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and
" restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate! which can
" befal only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will befal
" them only from such dull ones as could never write!"

Ver. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

Ver. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *classic elocution* may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht. " O cupimus patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud orbis
" Anglicani jubar, *adorare!* O ingens *reipublicæ* nostræ columen!
" O fortunatam tanto *Heroe* Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro
" DEUM per *omnia* adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse
" CERTISSIMUM EST. *Hujus* enim *unius* ferme opera, *æquissi-*
" *mis* et *perhonorificis conditionibus*, diuturno, heu nimium!
" bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria
" dignissimum! qua terrores patriæ omnes excidit, *pacem*que diu
" exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille populi Anglicani amor,
" Harleius."

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated:

" Thy father, that most refulgent star of the Angelican orb,
" we much desire to *adore!* O mighty Column of our *republic!*

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fist the faster. 210

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Ver. 207. In the first edition,
But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

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"Oh Britain, fortunate in such an *Hero!* That to such and so great a man GOD was ever present, in *every thing*, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a *most absolute certainty!* For it is in a manner by the operation of this *man alone*, that we behold a *war* (alas! how much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, *on the most just and most honourable conditions*. Oh day eternally to be memorated! wherein all the terrors of his country were ended, and a PEACE, (long wished for by *almost all Europe*) was restored by HARLEY, the love and delight of the people of England."

But that this gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinay language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.

Ver. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate, or a letter in verse from Pokemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the hymn of a *gentleman* to his *Creator:* and there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characterised in the treatise Περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty stir it keeps below?
"To make a mole-hill all this strife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love 215
Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's secretary. 220
Now turn to diff'rent sports, (the Goddess cries),
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Johnson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul 225
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl;
With

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" How proud a little dirt to spread;
" Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
" Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
" It blunders into light and dies."

You have him again in book iii. ver. 165.

Ver. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus*, &c.] The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: that although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. SCRIBL.

Ver. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl;*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops

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Ver. 223, 225. *To move, to raise*, &c.
*Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake*, &c.]

" Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
" Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
" Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
" Hæ tibi erunt artes."——

With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand. 230
Improve we theſe. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chatt'ring ſhames the monkey-tribe:
And his this drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſe
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying aſs.
Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in; 236
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart, 240
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold, (cry'd the Queen), a cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end, 245
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the Welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the gild awake; 250

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in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, " 'Sdeath! that is *my* thunder."

Ver. 228.—*with a tolling bell;*] A mechanical help to the pathetic, not unuſual to the modern writers of tragedy.

Ver. 231. *Three cat-calls*] Certain muſical inſtruments uſed by one ſort of critics to confound the poets of the theatre.

Ver. 238. *Norton,*] See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval*, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and ſome poems. See before, note on ver. 126.

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Ver. 243. *A cat-call each ſhall win*, &c.]

" Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
" Et vitula tu dignus, et hic"—— Virg. Ecl. iii.

Ver. 247. *As when the*, &c.] A ſimile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Sore

Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows, 255
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
In Tottnam's fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

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Ver. 258. *Webster—and Whitefield*] The one the writer of a newspaper called the *Weekly Miscellany*, the other a field preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness: that by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful *bigotry* and *enthusiasm* are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.

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Ver. 260. *Bray back to him again*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

*Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.* Georg. iii.

"He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
"While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again." Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *armour*, *war*, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*]

*Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.* Virg. ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto.

"Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
"Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini," &c.

Long

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames waſt it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

This

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Ver. 263. *Long Chanc'ry-lane*] The place where the offices of chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

Ver. 268. *Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long,*] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the *everlaſting Blackmore*. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, that this admirable author "did not "think himſelf upon the *ſame foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who ſays "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortu-"nate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and that he has "not for many years been *ſo much as named*, or even *thought of* "among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *action* (ſaith he) has neither "unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor univerſality; and con-"ſequently he can have no *fable*, and no *heroic poem*: his narra-"tion is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his charac-"ters have none of the neceſſary qualifications; the things con-"tained in his narration are neither in their own nature delight-"ful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſ-"ing, nor pathetic."—Nay, he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has *no genius*; firſt laying down, that "genius is cauſed by "a furious joy and pride of ſoul, on the conception of an *extra-"ordinary hint*. Many men (ſays he) have their *hints*, without "theſe motions of *fury* and *pride of ſoul*, becauſe they want fire "enough to agitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call cold writers. "Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent "organs, feel the fore-mentioned *motions*, without the *extra-"ordinary hints*; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But he

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-pray'r, and flagellation end), — 270
To

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" declares that Sir Richard has neither the *hints* nor the *motions*." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality, (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.), on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an " argument to prove it;" which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. " It was he who burlesqued the Psalm " of David. It is *apparent* to me that psalm was burlesqued by " a *Popish Rhymster*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought " up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, " let them be scoundrels, let them be *Athiests*, yet education has " made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred " writings. But a *Popish Rhymster* has been brought up with a " contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Po-* " *pish Rhymster* but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *impiety* and *irreligion*. " All Mr. " Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so " much as by common received opinion, so are they directly " contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England; for the vi- " sible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now, it is the " doctrine of the church of England, that miracles had ceased a " long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now, if " the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obli- " ged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince " Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine " probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they " have so much of divine probability, then it follows of necessity " that the doctrine of the church is false. So I leave it to every " impartial clergyman to consider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. *(As morning-pray'r, and flagellation end.)*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumstances of the judges rising from court, or of the labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *persons* and the *scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's day: the first book passed in that *night*; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street, (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275
"Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
"And who the most in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.
"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
"The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound, 280
"A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
"A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

Then

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by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city and temple of the Goddess.

Ver. 276, 277, 278. *dash thro' thick and thin—love of dirt—dark dexterity*] The three chief qualifications of party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.

Ver. 280. *the weekly Journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the "London Journal, British "Journal, Daily Journal," &c. the concealed writers of which, for some time, were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author.

Ver. 282. "*A peck of coals a-piece*] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pick-pocket, an highwayman, or a knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* thief, a *poor* pick-pocket, an *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.

Ver. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands*,] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation: an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose essay on

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Ver. 273. *The King of dykes!* &c.]
"Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
"——quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
"In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis." Virg.

Then ſighing thus, " And am I now threeſcore? 285
" Ah why, ye gods! ſhould two and two make four?"
He

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criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called " the " Arts of Logic and Rhetoric,") he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304, is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43, which ſays of his own ſimile, that " it is as great as " ever entered into the mind of man. In poetry he was not ſo " happy as laborious, and therefore characteriſed by the Tatler, " No. 62. by the name of *Omicron the unborn poet.*" Curl, Key, p. 13. " He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry con- " ſiſting of heroic epiſtles, *&c.* ſome whereof are very well done," ſaid that great judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 286. " *Ah, why, ye gods! ſhould two and two make four?*"] Very reaſonably doth this ancient critic complain: without doubt it was a fault in the conſtitution of things. For the *world*, as a great writer ſaith, " being given to man for a ſubject of diſputa- " tion," he might think himſelf mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence thoſe ſuperior maſters of wiſdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reaſonably conclude, that " two and two do not make four." SCRIBL.

But we need not go ſo far, to remark what the poet princi-

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Ver. 285. *Then ſighing thus,* " *And am I now threeſcore?* &c.]
" ——Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
" Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos." Ovid.

He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
The ſenior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher. 290
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds thro' all the coaſt.
Then *** eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight, 295
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the ſwans of Thames.

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After ver. 298. in the firſt edit. followed theſe,
" Far worſe unhappy D———r ſucceeds,
" He ſearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds."

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pally intended, the abſurdity of complaining of *old age*, which muſt neceſſarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our deſires of adding one year to another.

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley div'd;*] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureat, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work: whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed in nothing elſe in book i. ver. 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then *** *eſſay'd;*] A gentleman of genius and ſpirit, ho was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

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Ver. 293. *and call on Smedley loſt;* &c.]
" Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
" Hylas, in vain, reſounds thro' all the coaſt."
Lord Roſcom. tranſlat. of Virgil's 6th ecl.

True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep: 300
If perſeverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack, 305
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe. 310
Faſt by, like Niobe, (her children gone),
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupified to ſtone!

REMARKS.

Ver. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuſes him of "having "boaſted of what he had not written, but others had reviſed and "done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the *Speculatiſt*. In a pamphlet, called *A Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes, (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but thoſe of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece ſomebody humourouſly cauſed him to take for his motto, "De profundis clamavi." He was ſince a hired ſcribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter juſtice and law in Jamaica.

Ver. 306, 307. *With each a ſickly brother at his back: Sons of a day!* &c.] Theſe were daily papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 311. *like Niobe,*] See the ſtory in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miſerable petrefaction of this old lady is pathetically deſcribed.

Ver. 312. *Oſborne,*] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt being aſhamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 302. *Not everlaſting Blackmore*]
"Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori," *&c.*
Virg. Æn.

And

And monumental brass this record bears,
" There are—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

REMARKS.

Ver. 314. *Gazetteers*] We ought not to suppose that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly. SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the *report* of the *secret committee* for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. " That no less " than ' fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings,' " were paid to authors and printers of news-papers, such as Free-" Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, " and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10. " 1741." Which shews the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Lewis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

" Seen him I have; but in his *happier hour*
" Of *social pleasure*, ill exchang'd for *pow'r!*
" Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
" *Smile* without *art*, and *win* without a *bribe*."

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſcull, 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arms inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journal and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his pond'rous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood, 325
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330
Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

REMARKS.

Ver. 315. *Arnall;*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his predeceſſor's. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the temple of Infamy: witneſs a paper, called the *Free Briton;* a dedication intitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he "received for Free Britons, and other writings, in the ſpace "of *four years*, no leſs than *ten thouſand nine hundred and ninety-* "*ſeven pounds, ſix ſhillings and eight pence*, out of the treaſury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares:*] Virg. Æn. vi. of the Sibyl.

"——majorque videri,
"Nec mortale ſonans."——

Vy'd

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, 335
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades.
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep, 345
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
And

Remarks.

Ver. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii Argon. See Virgil, ecl. vi.

Ver. 338. *A branch of Styx*, &c.]

Οἱ τ' ἀμφ' ἰμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὃς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ.
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠΰτ' ἔλαιον.
Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀποῤῥώξ.

Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's true history. *Lethe* and the *land of dreams* allegorically represent the *stupefaction* and *visionary madness* of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virgil ecl. x.

"Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
"Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam."

Imitations.

Ver. 347. *Thence to the banks*, &c.]

"Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
"Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
"Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
"Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
"Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
"Ascræo quos ante seni,"——&c.

And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt. 350
"Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable army ſtand, 355
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiſs, who fight for any god, or man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet, 360
Till ſhow'rs of ſermons, characters, eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds repleniſh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.

REMARKS.

And again, Æn. iii.

"——Alpheum fama eſt huc, Elidis amnem
"Occultas egiſſe vias ſubter mare, qui nunc
"Ore, Arethuſa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis."

Ver. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates*] "King Lud repairing the city, "called it after his own name, *Lud's town*; the ſtrong gate which "he built in the weſt part, he likewiſe, for his own honour, nam-"ed *Ludgate*. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with "images of Lud and other kings. Thoſe images in the reign of "Edward VI. had their heads ſmitten off, and were otherwiſe de-"faced by unadviſed folks. Queen Mary did ſet new heads upon "their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth, the ſame "gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, "with images of Lud and others, as afore." *Stow's* Survey of London.

Here

Here ſtopt the Goddeſs: and in pomp proclaims 365
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
" Ye critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
" I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
" Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
" My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
" Attend the trial we propoſe to make: 371
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt pow'rs to ſit 375
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college ſophs, and three pert templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame; 380
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of mum, 385
Till all tun'd equal, ſend a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;

Soft

REMARKS.

Ver. 374. See Hom. Odyſſ. xii. Ovid. Met. i.

Ver. 388. *Through the long, heavy, painful, page,* &c.] " All " theſe lines very well imitate the ſlow drowſineſs with which " they proceed. It is impoſſible to any one, who has a poetical

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 380, 381. *The ſame their talents,—Each prompt,* &c.]
" Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
" Et certare pares, et reſpondere parati." Virg. ecl. vi.

Ver. 382. *And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.*]

" Smit with the love of ſacred ſong."—— Milton.

Ver. 384. *The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.*]

" Conſedere duces, et vulgi ſtante corona." Ovid. Met. xiii.

Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At ev'ry line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze. 390
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod, 395
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to *Chriſt's no kingdom here.* 400
Who ſat the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt; the diſtant nodded to the hum.

### Variations.

Ver. 399. in the firſt edition it was,

Collins and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer.

### Remarks.

" ear, to read them without perceiving the heavineſs that lags in " the verſe, to imitate the action it deſcribes. The ſimile of the " pines is very juſt and well adapted to the ſubject;" ſays an enemy, in his eſſay on the Dunciad, p. 21.

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak;* Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South-ſea ſcheme, *&c.* " He " is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written ſome excellent " epilogues to plays, and *one ſmall* piece on love, which is very " pretty." Jacob Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known, to the greateſt ſtateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

Ver. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two perſons, not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the religion of their country. *Toland*, the author of the Atheiſt's Liturgy, called *Pantheiſticon*, was a ſpy in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*, and *Chriſtianity as old as the creation.* He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S——, which was ſuppreſſed, while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhowed it, expecting his approbation: this doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, *mutatis mutandis*, againſt that very perſon.

Ver. 400. *Chriſt's no kingdom*, &c.] This is ſaid by Curl, Key to the Dunciad, to allude to a ſermon of a Reverend biſhop.

Then

Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the midmoſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads*. 410
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung, 415
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. in the firſt edit. it was,
T——s and T—— the church and ſtate gave o'er,
Nor *** talk'd, nor S—— whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Suſannah Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many plays, and a ſong (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol i. p. 32,) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. *Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.— William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the ſtage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that "The playhouſe is the temple of the "devil; the peculiar pleaſure of the devil; where all they who "go, yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter "among devils; and all who are there are hearing muſic in the "very porch of hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There "is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one "made by a poetaſter, as between *two religious books*, the *Bible* "and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonſtrates, that "all thoſe who "had written againſt the ſtage were *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 410. *O'er all the ſea of heads.*]
"A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
"And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed."
Blackm. Job.

Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420

REMARKS.

" and did it always at a time when something was to be done for " the *Pretender*. Mr. Collier published his short view, when " France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive, just at " the *great storm*, when the devastation which that hurricane " wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and " made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. " Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great " preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And " as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, though I know no- " thing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was " either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or " upon the *late rebellion*." DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. *ult*. The same Mr. Law is author of a book, intitled, *An appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the gospel*, in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German cobler.

Ver. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.

Ibid. *Mandevil*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees*; written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. *Norton*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus*. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometimes the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

" All things are hush'd, as nature's self lay dead."

Why

Why ſhould I ſing, what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink, 425
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a prieſt in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

### Remarks.

Ver. 426. *And to mere mortals ſeem'd a prieſt in drink:*] This line preſents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to paſs judgment merely by *appearances;* a leſſon to all men, who may happen to ſee a reverend perſon in the like ſituation, not to determine too raſhly: ſince not only the poets frequently deſcribe a bard inſpired in this poſture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inſpir'd,

and the like), but an eminent Caſuiſt tells us, that "if a prieſt be "ſeen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of "ſight, or illuſion of the devil, who ſometimes takes upon him "the ſhape of holy men on purpoſe to cauſe ſcandal."

Ver. 427. *Fleet*] A priſon for inſolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch.

End *of the* Second Book.

THE

# THE DUNCIAD:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

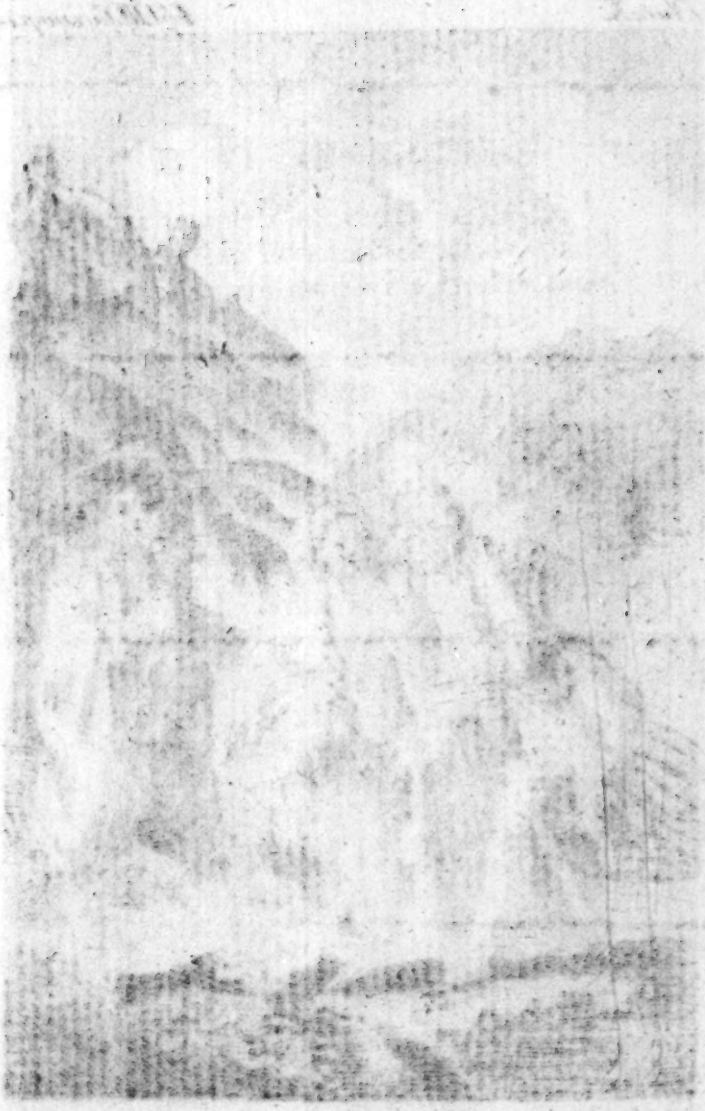
BOOK THE THIRD.

## ARGUMENT.

*After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: A position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the* Elysian shade; *where, on the banks of* Lethe, *the souls of the dull are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of* Settle, *and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount of Vision, *from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of* Great Britain, *shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject* Settle *breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He*

*prophesies how the first nation shall be over-run with* farces, operas, *and* shows: *how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the* theatres, *and set up even at* court: *then how her sons shall preside in the seats of* arts *and* sciences: *giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.*

THE



A Slipshod Sibyl led his Steps along
In lofty Madness meditating Song

T. Phillips Sc. Dunciad Book III.

# THE DUNCIAD.

## BOOK III.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd,
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
And now on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c. Hereby it is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and, not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying, that it all passed through the *ivory gate*, which (according to the ancients) denoteth Falsity. SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen. BENTL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,*
*He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:*]
"Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
"Colloquio"——— Virg. Æn. viii.

A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along, 15
In loſty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, tho' now he ſings no more);
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to blockheads, bows; 21
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

Here,

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Ver. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl*] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real *madneſs*, as that which produces real *dulneſs*. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the leaſt application of *heat*, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas *fire* in a genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well tempered ſteel) for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard lunacy as a mark of *wit*, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of *holineſs*. But if the cauſe of madneſs aſſigned by a great philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the *dwelling over-long on one object or idea:* now as this attention is occaſioned either by grief or ſtudy, it will be fixed by dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor, the water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the accidence; a rare example of modeſty in a poet!

" I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
" And never ſcarce did learn my accidence;
" For having got from *poſſum* to *poſſet*,
" I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouſe in Long-acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. *Benlowes*,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patroniſing bad poets, as may be ſeen from

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Ver. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl*]
" Conclamat vates———
" ——furens antro ſe immiſit aperto." Virg.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull 25
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand

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many dedications of Quarles, and others to him. Some of these anagrammed his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus:* to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods the poppy*, &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits*,] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *detested* for his evil works: *Qui Bavium non* odit; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great *good-nature* and *mercifulness* through the whole course of this poem. SCRIBL.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "he and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) "a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much "superior to Virgil and Horace: for (saith he) I cannot believe "they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they "had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Ver. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, printers for any body. —The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.

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Ver. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale*, &c.]
"Videt Æneas in valle reducta
"Seclusum nemos———
"Lethæumque domus placidas qui prænatat amnem, *&c.*
"Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, *&c.*" Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls*,] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

"At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
"Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
"Lustrabat"——— Virg. Æn. vi.

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning-dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
Wond'ring he gaz'd: when lo! a sage appears, 35
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known

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Ver. 34. *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq; member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*; Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it; Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy "is it of *Christian charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy* "*man* in such a situation? What could move the poet thus to "mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner* exposed to the view "of all mankind! It was laying aside his *senses*, it was committing "a *crime* for which the *law is deficient* not to punish him! nay, "a crime which *man can scarce forgive*, or *time efface!* Nothing "surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great "lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court). But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *eggs* were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps, therefore, it might be intended of Mr Edward Ward the poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. *And length of ears,*] This is a *sophisticated* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here; I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the *pillory*, mentioned two lines before: it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that *scholiast* takes not the least notice

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Ver. 28. *unbar the gates of light,*] An hemistic of Milton.

Ver. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars,* &c.]

"Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
"Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
"Quam multæ glomerantur aves," &c. Virg. Æn. vi.

Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:
All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame. 40
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater ſon:

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hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for *perſonal ſatire* on a *man's face*, (whereof doubtleſs he might take the *ear* to be a part); ſo likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of commentators.—" Tota armenta ſequuntur."

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore us to the true ſenſe of the poet, thus,

" By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of *years*."

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the *pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

Ver. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry, and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that " he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and " that in the univerſity of Cambridge there were thoſe who gave " him the preference." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: " Poor Settle was formerly the *mighty rival* of Dryden; " nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him;" Pref. to his poems, 8vo, p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, " How " little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to de- " fend himſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions! and no wonder ſome authors indulge them.

He was author or publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on *one ſide*, ſucceeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco, (the firſt that was ever printed with cuts). " Upon this he grew inſolent; the wits writ againſt his " play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In " ſhort, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. " Dryden; and not only the town but the univerſity of Cam- " bridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the " younger ſort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Oh

Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; 45
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll? 50
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in the centre, from thee circulate. 60
For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

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Ver. 50. *Might from Bœotian*, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest poets, and one of the greatest generals of Greece.

"Bœotum crasso jurates aere natum." Horat.

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Ver. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]

——— "sine tempora circum
"Inter victrices hederam tibi semper lauros."
Virg. ecl. viii.

Ver. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to vision true*
*Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:*]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the angel

"To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd
"The film; then purg'd with euphrasie and rue
"The visual nerve—*for he had much to see.*"

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.

Old

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line. 70
(Earth's wide extremes), her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds, 75
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;

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Ver. 73. in the former edition,

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line in the introduction,

"In eldest times ere mortals writ or read,"

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to "their bright course begun." But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

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Ver. 67. *Ascend this hill*, &c.] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67, to 73, those places of the globe are shewn where Science *never* rose; then, from ver. 74, to 83, those where she was destroyed by *Tyranny*; from ver. 85, to 95, by inundations of *Barbarians*; from ver. 96, to 106, by *Superstition*. Then Rome, the mistress of arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly, Britain, the scene of the action of the poem: which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the progeny of Dulness in review.

Ver. 69. *See round the poles*, &c.] Almost the whole southern and northern continent wrapt in ignorance.

Ver. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all sciences came from the eastern nations.

Ver. 75. Chi-Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall!
Soon as the dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore, 95
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore),
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100
Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;

Her

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Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolomæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription; ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the soul.

Ver. 96. *(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)*] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. *thund'ring against heathen lore;*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui malleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit abaula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio didit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And

Her grey-hair'd ſynods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods:
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn; 110
See graceleſs Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon iſle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-wolſey brothers,
Grave mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen 117
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.

In

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in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam com-
"buſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus, et major
"authoritas, et diligentia ſtudioſior." Deſiderius, Archbiſhop of Vienna, was ſharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) "In
"uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes non capiunt: Et quam
"grave nefandumque ſit Epiſcopis canere quod nec laico religioſo
"conveniat, ipſe conſidera." He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; "quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris Romanorum perpe-
"tuo verſatur." The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhould give more attention to triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. *Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen temples and ſtatues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the temples, by converting them to churches; and ſome of the ſtatues, by modifying them to images of ſaints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre eaſily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!——had Eaſter never been!*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter,

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,

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Ver. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. *What aids, what armies to assert her cause!*] *i. e.* Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, freethinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of Dulness, the Laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full glory.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been!*]

"Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent."
Virg. ec. vi.

Ver. 127, 129. *Now look thro' fate!—See all her progeny*, &c.]

"Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
"Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
"Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
"Expediam." Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia*, &c.]

"Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
"Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
"Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
"Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes."
Virg. Æn. vi.

Surveys

Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.
Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
Another Dursey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answ'ring ginshops sourer sighs return.
Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150

Lo

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. In the first edition it was,
Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;*] "This *gentleman* is son of a *considerable maltster* of Romsey, in "Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a *very eminent at-* "*torney:* who, between his *more laborious* studies, has *diverted* him- "self with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, "which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.——He has "writ in prose the *lives* of the *Poets*, *Essays*, and a great many "law-books, The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice, *&c.*" GILES JACOB of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. 1. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book, the author's friend, Mr. *Gay*.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 139. *Mark first that youth*, &c.]
"Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
"Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca,"—— Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 141. *With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!*] A manner of expression used by Virgil, ecl. viii.
"Nascere! præque diem veniens age, Lucifer"—

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow*, &c.] In the former edition,

" Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
" Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face."

REMARKS.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, *the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;*
*Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.*]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a *respect* for him, by this undeniable argument: " He had once a *regard* for my *judgment*; otherwise " he would never have subscribed *two guineas* to me, for one " small book in octavo." Jacob's letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. " My writings having made " great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. *re-* " *pented*, and, to ' give proof of his repentance,' subscribed to " my two volumes of select works, and afterwards to my two " volumes of letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayst beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature or charity.

IMITATIONS.

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.

Ver. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free*,]

——" si qua fata aspera rumpas,
" Tu Marcellus eris!" Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse*, &c.]

" Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
" Te liquidi flevere lacus." Virg. Æn. vii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

——" etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ, &c."

Ver. 150. Virg Æn. vi ——" duo fulmina belli
" Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!"

Lo

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each ſongſter, riddler, ev'ry nameleſs name,
All croud, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks: 160
Some free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 157. *Each ſongſter, riddler*, &c.] In the former edit.
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameleſs name.
After ver. 158, in the firſt edit. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

Ver. 152. *Horneck and Roome*] Theſe two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in *honour* and *employment*. The firſt was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingſgate paper, called the High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet Street, and writ ſome of the papers called *Paſquin*, where, by malicious inuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—le was the author of ſome vile plays and pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a paper called *the Prompter*.

Ver. 153. *Goode*,] An ill-natured critic, who writ a ſatire on our author, called *The mock Æſop*, and many anonymous libels in newſpapers for hire.

Ver. 156. *Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs*:] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the poet ſlurs them over with others in general.

Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.
Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls! 166
Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear; 170
So

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Ver. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, intitled *Night*, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shakespeare* writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political news-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. *Morris*,] *Bezaleel*. See book ii.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted*, &c.] Of this author see the remark on book ii. ver. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent of the two universities, which should have the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he *(civilly)* became a

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Ver. 166. *And makes night hideous*]

" ——Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
" making night hideous"—— *Shakesp.*

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow!* &c.] Parody on *Denham, Cooper's Hill.*

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
" My great example, as it is my theme:
" Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
" Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!"

So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads

REMARKS.

member of both, and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling expectation* of *all* the polite writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that *will make no ſmall part of the fame* of his protectors. It alſo appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age.—Encouraged by ſuch a *combination* in his favour, he—publiſhed a book of poems, ſome in the *Ovidian*, ſome in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the moſt exquiſite judges pronounce he even *rivalled his maſters*—His love-verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt—In his tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His ode—his epiſtle—his verſes—his love-tale—all, are the *moſt perfect things in all poetry*. WELSTED of *himſelf*, *Char. of the times*, 8vo. 1728, page 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of 500 pounds for ſecret ſervice, among other excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly for the miniſtry. See report of the Secret Committee, *&c.* in 1742.

Ver. 173. *Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah!*] Theſe men became the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of theirs), and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of compoſition:

"How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
"The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul."

Whereas had they followed the example of thoſe *microſcopes of wit*, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the ſcholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the late apoſtaſy of the *prebendary of Rocheſter*, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured *obſervations*. SCRIBL.

Here, Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a panegyric on his patron. This it is to have to do with wits: a commerce unworthy a ſcholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. ARIST.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics gore.
Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180
Equal

REMARKS.

Ver. 173. *Ah, Dennis!* &c.] The reader, who has seen through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Dursey*, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair*, &c.] One of these was author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Bishop of *Rochester*. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intitled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrel*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope's*, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared, (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are

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Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*] Virg. Æn. vi.

" ——Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
" Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
" Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!"

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;*] Virg. Æn. vi.

" Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
" Concordes animæ."——

And in the fifth,

" Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
" Nisus amore pio pueri."

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.

REMARKS.

sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

" ———and Ducket, friends in spite,
" Came hissing out in verse;
" Both were so forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hung an a—.
" Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
" At either end assails;
" None knows which leads, or which is led,
" For both heads are but tails."

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil*, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to friendship: that between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a dedication was written to that gentleman to induce him to think something further. " Sir, you are known to have all that affection " for the beautiful part of the creation which God and nature de- " signed.—Sir, you have a very fine lady—and, Sir, you have " eight very fine children,"—*&c.* [*Dedic. to* Dennis *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor dedicator's brain was turned upon this article: he had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *stage*, and since the *Italian opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: he went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, " That he cannot help " thinking the obscenity of plays excusable at this juncture; since, " when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to " the reducing mens minds to the natural desire of women." DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any person but the dedicator mention that vice and this gentleman together.

Ver. 184. *That shines a* consul, *this* commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

" But

" But who is he, in closet closely pent, 185
" Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.

To

REMARKS.

Ver. 187. *arede*] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. " READE THY READ, *take thy counsaile*. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

" The man is blest that hath not bent
" To wicked READ his ear."

" But in the last spurious editions of these singing psalms, the word READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are *strange alterations*, all for the worse; and yet the title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is *abominable* in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought, by no means, to be permitted or approved of by such as are for *uniformity*, and have any regard for the *old* English Saxon tongue." HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: little is it of avail to object that such words are become *unintelligible*; since they are *truly English*, men ought to understand them; and such as are for *uniformity*, should think all alterations in a language, *strange*, *abominable*, and *unwarrantable*. Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *myster wight*.] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius *hight*.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius*; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

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Ver. 185. *But who is he*, &c.] Virg. Æn. vi. questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*;

" Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
" Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta," &c.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;
A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each science lists its modern type, 195
Hist'ry her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first edition it was,

And proud philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score,
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

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Most rightly are *ancient words* here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea, *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester, Artic. BEHETT; "Others say BEHIGHT, "*promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, in "his translation into metre of the 116th Psalm, ver. 14.

"I to the Lord will pay my vows,
"That I to him BEHIGHT."

"Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety "of the word, (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon), have most "*unwarrantably* altered it thus,

"I to the Lord will pay my vows
"With joy and *great delight*."

Ver. 188. *hight*] "In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to *pro-* "*mise*, or *vow*; but HIGHT, usually signifies *was called*; and so it "does in the north even to this day, notwithstanding what is done "in Cumberland." Hearne, ibid.

Ver. 192. *Wits, who, like owls*, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty*. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were *libraries out of order*.

Imbrown'd,

Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

How

REMARKS.

Ver. 199. *lo! Henley ſtands*, &c.] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other ſciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Tranſactions, No. 1. publiſhed by Henley himſelf, gives the following account of him: "He w. born at Melton-Mowbray, in "Leiceſterſhire. From his own pariſh-ſchool he went to St. John's "college in Cambridge. He began there to be uneaſy; for it "*ſhocked* him to find he was *commanded to believe* againſt his own "judgment in points of religion, philoſophy, *&c.* for his genius "leading him freely to *diſpute all propoſitions*, and *call all points* "*to account*, he was impatient under thoſe fetters of the free-born "mind.—Being admitted to prieſt's orders, he found the exami-"nation very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it was not *neceſſary to* "*conform to the Chriſtian religion*, in order either to *deaconſhip* "or *prieſthood*." He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for miniſters of ſtate. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a diſreliſh "entertained of him, becauſe *he was not qualified to be a com-*"*plete ſpaniel*." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new project, and ſtyled himſelf the *Reſtorer of ancient eloquence*. He thought "it as law-"ful to take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, "as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons; ſo ſet up "his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his "friend) he had the *aſſurance* to form a plan, which no mortal "ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt all oppoſition; challen-"ged his adverſaries to fair diſputations, *and none would diſpute* "with him; writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours a day; compoſed "three diſſertations a-week on all ſubjects; undertook to teach in "*one year* what ſchools and univerſities teach in *five*; was not "terrified by menaces, inſults, or ſatires, but ſtill proceeded, "matured his bold ſcheme, and put the *church*, and *all that*, in "*danger*." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. No. 1.

After having ſtood ſome proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the *primitive euchariſt*.——This wonderful perſon ſtruck medals, which he diſperſed as tickets to his ſubſcribers: the device, a ſtar riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA: and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain.
Oh great reſtorer of the good old ſtage, 205
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.
Yet oh, my ſons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the ears you lend).
'Tis your's, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:

But

REMARKS.

FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the *Hyp-doctor*.

Ver. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,*] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

Ver. 212. Of *Toland*, and *Tindal*, ſee book ii. *Tho. Woolſton* was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the miracles of the goſpel, in the years 1626, *&c.*

Ver. 213. *Yet oh, my ſons!* &c.] The caution againſt blaſphemy here given by a departed ſon of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the ſource of light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it.

Ver. 215. *'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,*
*A* NEWTON'*s genius, or a Milton's flame:*]
Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licence by the beloved diſciple of that Prince of Cabaliſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great Geometer. " As to mathematical demonſtration " (ſaith he) founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to " each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, theſe have

But oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art. 230
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd),
And

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"no more to do with the greatest part of philosophy, than they "have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed, the zeal for this sort "of gibberish [*mathematical principles*] is greatly abated of late; "and though it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon "of modern philosophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with "his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, *Scripture-"Philosophy*; for so long MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been publish-"ed; and the treatise of power *essential and mechanical*, in which "Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy is treated with the UTMOST "CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen of years; yet is there "not one of the whole society who hath had the COURAGE to at-"tempt to raise him up. And so let him lie."—The philosophi-cal principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lond. 1744. Octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. *not to scorn your God.*"] See this subject pursued in book iv.

Ver. 232. *(not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd,)*] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be

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Ver. 224.—*Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos." Virg.

And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought? 250

REMARKS.

" d—d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether " Alexander himself, or Charles XII. of Sweden, when at the " head of the first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. *a sable sorc'rer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. *Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth:*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.

Ver. 248. *Lo! one vast egg*] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224. *And other planets*]
" —— solemque *suum, sua* sidera norunt"— Virg. Æn. vi.

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and delphins in the skies;*]
" Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum." Hor.

Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! look, and find
Each monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet wouldſt thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſars'net ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs youth! his nod theſe worlds controuls, 255
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:
Yon ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire. 260
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe,
'Midſt ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And, proud his miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!
Booth

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, maſter of the Theatre-royal in Covent-garden, was the firſt that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. *I ſee my Cibber there!*] The hiſtory of the foregoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in theſe words, (Life, chap. xv.); "Then ſprung forth that ſucceſſion of monſtrous medleys that "have ſo long infeſted the ſtage, which aroſe upon one another "alternately at both houſes, outvying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuſe his own part in them, as follows:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 251. *Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee!*]

"Quod petis in te eſt——
"——Ne te quæſiveris extra." Perſ.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red lightning*, &c.] Like Salmoneus, in Æn. vi.

"Dum flammas Jovis, et ſonitus imitatur Olympi.
"—— nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
"Ære et cornipedum curſu ſimulabat equorum."

Ver. 258.—*o'er all unclaſſic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addiſon's verſe, in the praiſes of Italy:

"Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
"And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground."

As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the ſame author in The Campaign; and ver. 259, 260. on two ſublime verſes of Dr. Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
Contending theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.
And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? theſe wonders are thy own.

Theſe

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 274, in the former editions followed,

For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell,
" None but thyſelf can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyſelf can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of *Theobald*; unleſs the play called the *Double Falſehood* be (as he would have it believed) *Shakeſpeare*'s: But whether this line be his or not, he proves *Shakeſpeare* to have written as bad, (which, methinks in an author for whom he has a veneration almoſt *riſing to idolatry*, might have been concealed); as for example,

" Try what *repentance* can: what can it not?
" But what can it, when one cannot *repent*?
" ———— For *cogitation*
" Reſides not in the man who does not *think*," &c.

MIST'S JOURN.

REMARKS.

" If I am aſked why I aſſented? I have no better excuſe for my " error, than to confeſs I did it againſt my conſcience, and had " not virtue enough to ſtarve. Had Henry IV. of France a bet- " ter for changing his religion? I was ſtill in my heart, as much " as he could be, on the ſide of truth and ſenſe; but with this " difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could " not ſupport me.—But let the queſtion go which way it will, " Harry IV. has *always been allowed a great man*." This muſt be confeſſed a full anſwer; only the queſtion ſtill ſeems to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's conſcience is an excuſe for it? and, 2. It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of truth and ſenſe to quit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. *On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.*] In his letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolemnly declares this not to be *literally true*. We hope therefore the reader will underſtand it *allegorically* only.

These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.

In

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It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate *Shakespeare*.

Var. id. The former annotator seeming to be of opinion that the *Double Falsehood* is not *Shakespeare*'s, it is but justice to give Mr. *Theobald*'s arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS. was above sixty years old; Secondly, that once Mr. *Betterton* had it, or he hath heard so: Thirdly, that somebody told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his: But fourthly, and above all, "That he has a *great mind* every thing that is good in our tongue "*should be* Shakespeare's." I allow these reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many errors have escaped the learned editor: a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this *dear relic*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

"I have his letters of a modern date,
"Wherein by *Julio*, *good Camillo*'s son,
"(Who, as he says, [ ] shall follow hard upon,
"And whom I with the growing hour [ ] expect),
"He doth solicit the return of gold,
"To purchase certain horse that *like him well*."

This place is corrupted: the epithet *good* is a mere insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

"I have his letters of a modern date,
"Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo*'s son,
"Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon,
"And whom I with the growing hours expect),
"He does solicit the return of gold."

Here you have not only the *person* specified, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *time* by which it was required. *Camillo's* son was to follow hard upon—What? why upon *July*—*Horse* that *like him well*, is very absurd: Read it, without contradiction,

"Horse, that *he likes well*."

ACT I. at the end.

"——I must stoop to gain her,
"Throw all my gay *comparisons* aside,
"And turn my proud additions out of service;"

(saith *Henriquez* of a maiden of low condition, objecting his

In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;

Tho'

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high quality: what have his compariſons here to do? Correct it boldly,

" Throw all my gay *caparisons* aſide,
" And turn my proud additions out of ſervice."

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verſe of this ſcene is confounded with proſe:

" ——O that a man
" Could reaſon down this *fever* of the blood,
" Or ſooth with *words* the tumult in his heart!
" Then, *Julio*, I might be *indeed* thy friend."

Read " —this *fervor* of the blood,
" Then, *Julio*, I might be in *deed* thy friend."
marking the juſt oppoſition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

" How his eyes *take* fire!"—ſaid by *Violante*, obſerving how the luſtful ſhepherd looks at her. It muſt be, as the ſenſe plainly demands,

" ——How his eyes *take* fire!
" And meaſure every piece of youth about me!"

*Ibid.* " That, tho' I *wore diſguiſes* for ſome *ends*."

She had but one diſguiſe, and wore it but for one end. Reſtore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

" That tho' I *were diſguiſed* for ſome *end*."

ACT IV. SCENE II.

" To oaths no more give credit,
" To tears, to vows, falſe *both*!"

Falſe grammar, I am ſure. *Both* can relate but to *two* things: And ſee! how eaſy a change ſets it right?

" To tears, to vows, falſe *troth*."—

I could ſhow you that very word *troth*, in *Shakeſpeare*, a hundred times.

*Ibid.* " For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
" That can bring *comfort*, but a *quiet grave*."

This I fear is of a piece with " None but itſelf can be its parallel;" For the grave " puts an end" to all ſorrow, it can then need no *comfort*. Yet let us vindicate *Shakeſpeare* where we can: I make no doubt but he wrote thus,

" For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
" *Nothing* that can bring *quiet*, but the grave."

Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise, 280
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets. 290
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

Thee

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Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to *Violante*'s concern. This figure is called *Anadyplosis*. I could show you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.

SCRIBL.

After verse 285. in the former edit. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

Ver. 295. *Safe in its heaviness*, &c.] in the former edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray,
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last:
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

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Ver. 282. *Annual trophies*,] on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the artillery ground.

Ver. 283. *Tho' long my party*] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the "Character of a Popish Successor," but afterwards printed his *narrative* on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath:

Thee ſhall the patriot, thee the courtier taſte,
And ev'ry year be duller than the laſt,
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport. 300
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine. 310
Grub-ſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from fire.

Another

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after the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the Droll called "St. George for England," he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Ver. 297. *Thee ſhall the patriot, thee the courtier taſte,*] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, ** *and* **. Concanen was ſure, "They muſt needs mean nobody but *King GEORGE* and *Queen* "*CAROLINE*; and ſaid he would inſiſt it was ſo, till the poet "cleared himſelf by filling up the blanks otherwiſe, agreeably to "the context, and conſiſtent with his *allegiance*," Pref. to a collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, *&c.* againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. *Polypheme*] He tranſlated the Italian opera of Polyphemo; but unfortunately loſt the whole jeſt of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noman*: after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: They inquire 'who has hurt him?' he anſwers *Noman*: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious tranſlator made Ulyſſes anſwer, 'I take no name,' whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears, that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcribing to the Engliſh tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might have been better inſtructed in the Greek *Punnology*.

Ver. 308, 309. *Fauſtus, Pluto, &c.*] Names of miſerable farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

Ver. 312. *enſure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of Pro-

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, he brought to-bed, 315
While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow!
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!

### Variations.

Ver. 323. *See, see, our own*, &c.] in the former edit.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days, &c.

### Remarks.

serpine, a corn field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

Ver. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 315. *like Semele's*,] See Ovid. Met. iii.

### Imitations.

Ver. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes; Th' Augustus*, &c.

" Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
" Augustus Cæsar, divum genus aurea condet
" Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
" Saturno quondam."—— Virg. Æn. vi.

*Saturnian* here relates to the age of *lead*, mentioned book i. ver. 26.

On

On poets tombs see Benson's titles writ; 325
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;

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Ver. 325. *On Poets tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W——m Benson, (surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in a very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one "of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not "set him *quite on the same foot with Virgil*, lest it should *seem* "flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford "him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an "enemy to the government;" and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the *Examiner*: a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.

While

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

Proceed,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 331. in the former edition thus,

——O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note, "He concludes his irony with "a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on "the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion "our author had of him was sufficiently known by his joining "him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which Mr. Broome "having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his "part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him "with the full sum of "five hundred pounds," and a present of "all those books for which his own interest could procure him "subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author "only seems to lament, that he was employed in translation at "all."

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Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of "the Hare and many Friends." This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call it, Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace,

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,

Till

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 388. in the firſt edit. were the following lines,

Then when theſe ſigns declare the mighty year,
When the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear;
" Let there be darkneſs!" (the dread pow'r ſhall ſay),
All ſhall be darkneſs, as it ne'er were day:
To their firſt chaos Wit's vain works ſhall fall,
And univerſal darkneſs cover all.

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perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, " Nos " hæc novimus eſſe nihil."

Ver. 331. *Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See book i. ver. 26.

Ver. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719. The edition of Shakeſpeare (which he undertook merely becauſe nobody elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the ſcenery, *&c.* and the tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. *Proceed, great days!* &c.] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a revolution in learning as is here propheſied, ſhould be brought about by ſuch *weak inſtruments* as have been [hitherto] deſcribed in our poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, reſt too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe inſtruments. Remember what the Dutch ſtories ſomewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a ſmall opening made in one of their dykes by a ſingle *water rat.*

However, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our ſchools, from the regularity of our univerſities, the diſcernment

Till Thames ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play, 335
Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday,
Till Iſis' elders reel, their pupils ſport,
And Alma Mater lie diſſolv'd in port?
Enough! enough! the raptur'd monarch cries;
And thro' the iv'ry gate the viſion flies. 340

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of our great men, the accompliſhments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers of all kinds (notwithſtanding ſome few exceptions in each) may plainly be ſeen from his concluſion; where cauſing all this viſion to paſs through the ivory gate, he expreſsly, in the language of poeſy, declares all ſuch imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Proceed, great days!* &c. *Till Birch ſhall bluſh*, &c.] Another great prophet of Dulneſs, on this ſide Styx, promiſeth thoſe days to be near at hand. "The devil (ſaith he) licenſed biſhops "to licence maſters of ſchools to inſtruct youth in the knowledge "of the heathen gods, their religion, &c. The ſchools and uni-"verſities will ſoon be tired and aſhamed of claſſics and ſuch "trumpery." HUTCHINSON's uſe of reaſon recovered. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 340. *And thro' the iv'ry gate*, &c.]

"Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
"Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
"Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
"Sed falſa ad cœlum mittunt inſomnia manes."

Virg. Æn. vi.

END *of the* THIRD BOOK.

THE

# THE DUNCIAD: TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

*Th*

# ARGUMENT.

*The poet being, in this book, to declare the* completion *of the* prophecies *mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new* invocation; *as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy* Order and Science, *and to substitute the* Kingdom of the Dull *upon earth. How she leads captive the* Sciences, *and silenceth the* Muses; *and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the* Geniuses *of the* Schools, *who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to* words, *and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The* Universities *appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of* Education. *The speech of* Aristarchus *on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from* travel *with their* tutors; *one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their* travels; *presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of* want of shame. *She sees loitering about her a number of* indolent persons *abandoning all business and duty, and*

*dying with lazineſs: to theſe approaches the antiquary* Annius, *intreating her to make them* virtuoſos, *and aſſign them over to him: but* Mummius, *another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: amongſt them one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the* indolents *before-mentioned, in the ſtudy of* butterflies, ſhells, birds-neſts, moſs, *&c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond* trifles, *to any uſeful or extenſive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a hearty addreſs from the* Minute Philoſophers *and* Free-thinkers, *one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The youth thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of* Silenus; *and then admitted to taſte the cup of the* Magus *her high prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her adepts ſhe ſends* prieſts, attendants, *and* comforters, *of various kinds; confers on them* orders *and* degrees; *and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his* privileges, *and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a* yawn *of extraordinary virtue: the progreſs and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the conſummation of all, in the reſtoration of* Night *and Chaos, conclude the poem.*

THE

# THE DUNCIAD.

## BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
Ye pow'rs! whose mysteries restor'd I sing, 5
To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend

### Remarks.

The Dunciad, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the Greater Dunciad, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet: of which I am more certain than the *Iliad* itself was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. Bent.

Ver. 1. &c. This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *antiquity* and a *great family*, how dead or dark soever: next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly, his impatience to be *reunited* to her. Scribl.

Ver. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Ver. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. Scribl.

I understand it very differently; the author in this work had indeed a *deep intent;* there were in it *mysteries* or ἀπόῤῥητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to Milton)

"——More is meant than meets the ear." Bentl.

Ver. 6. *To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and softly, good poet! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this place). For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done:

Suſpend a while your force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the poet and the ſong.
Now flam'd the Dogſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay; 10
Sick was the ſun, the owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the ſeed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguiſh light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold, 15
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

REMARKS.

For when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of thoſe who have moſt boldly promiſed to themſelves immortality, *viz* Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronſard, Oldham, Lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkneſs. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his commentator, to ſuffer our poet thus prodigally to caſt away his life; contrarywiſe, the more hidden and abſtruſe his work, and the more remote its beauties from common underſtanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the ſame, in the face of men and angels. Herein ſhall we imitate the laudable ſpirit of thoſe who have (for this very reaſon) delighted to comment on dark and uncouth authors, and even on their darker fragments; preferred Ennius to Virgil, and choſen to turn the dark lanthorn of LYCOPHRON, rather than to trim the everlaſting lamp of Homer. SCRIBL.

Ver. 7. *Force inertly ſtrong,*] Alluding to the "vis inertiæ of "matter," which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that ſluggiſh ſubſtance.

Ver. 14. *to blot out order, and extinguiſh light,*] The two great ends of her miſſion; the one in quality of daughter of *Chaos*, the other as daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as civil and moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in ſociety, and true and falſe in individuals: *Light*, as intellectual only, wit, ſcience, arts.

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or ſcience; *venal* to the deſtruction of order, and the truth of things.

Ibid. *a new world*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the diſſolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos a new one ſhould ariſe; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Ver. 16. *lead and gold*] *i. e.* dull and venal.

She

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines),
Soft on her lap her Laureat Son reclines. 20

Beneath

REMARKS.

Ver. 18. *all below reveal'd,*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the divinities manifested themselves to men by their *back-parts*. Virg. Æn. i. " et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit." But this passage may admit of another exposition.——Vet. Adag. " The higher you climb, the more you shew your a—." Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblematized also by an ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL.

Ver. 20. *her Laureat Son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent laureat took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, " If he was not *as seldom asleep as any* " *fool!*" But it is hoped the poet had not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy, (p. 243. of his own life, 8vo. ch. ix.), where he says, " the reader will be as much pleased to find me a " dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead " in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, *even in sinking*, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their *actions* only that princes have their character, and poets from their *works*: and if in those he be " as much asleep as any fool," the poet must leave him and them to " sleep to all eternity." BENT.

Ibid. *her Laureat*] " When I find my name in the satirical " works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant " to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that *my face* " is more *known* than most in the nation; and therefore *a lick at* " *the Laureat* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch " little readers." Life of Colly Cibber, ch. ii.

Now, if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in chains,
And *Wit* dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by *Sophistry* are borne, 25
And shameless *Billingsgate* her robes adorn,
*Morality*, by her false guardians drawn,
*Chicane* in furs, aud *Casuistry* in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30

REMARKS.

it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *lick at the Laureat?* BENT.

Ver. 21, 22. *Beneath her footstool*, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads into captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with learning, but never upon any terms with wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something *like* each science, as casuistry, sophistry, &c. but nothing like *wit*, *opera* alone supplying its place.

Ver. 27. *by her false guardians drawn*,] Morality is the daughter of Astræa. This alludes to the mythology of the ancient poets; who tell us that in the *gold* and *silver* ages, or in the *state of nature*, the gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a *magistrate*, and that the ages of *brass* and *iron* came on, (that is, when laws were wrote on brazen tables enforced by the sword of justice), the celestials soon retired from earth, and Astræa last of all; and then it was she left this her orphan daughter in the hands of the *guardians* aforesaid. SCRIBL.

Ver. 30. *gives her Page the word.*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.——Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

Mad

Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure ſpace lifts her ecſtatic ſtare,
Now running round the circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the *Muſes* lie, 35
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40

There

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. *Mad* Máthesis] Alluding to the ſtrange concluſions ſome mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real quantity of matter*, the *reality of ſpace*, &c.

Ver. 33. *pure ſpace*] *i. e.* pure and defæcated from matter—*ecſtatic ſtare*, the action of men who look about with full aſſurance of ſeeing what does not exiſt, ſuch as thoſe who expect to find *ſpace* a real being.

Ver. 34. *running round the* circle, *finds it ſquare.*] Regards the wild and fruitleſs attempts of *ſquaring the circle.*

Ver. 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's, *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye:*] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the *act* for ſubjecting *plays* to the power of a *licenſer*, being the falſe repreſentations to which they were expoſed, from ſuch as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to Greatneſs, by perverting general reflections againſt vice into libels on particular perſons.

Ver. 39. *But ſober* Hiſtory.] Hiſtory attends on tragedy, ſatire on comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, how came *hiſtory* and *ſatire* to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays *Scriblerus*, which we thus reſolve: *Hiſtory* was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her ſiſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.
When lo! a harlot form ſoft ſliding by, 45
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide:
By ſinging peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand: 50
Caſt on the proſtrate nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo ſpoke.
O *Cara! Cara!* ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let diviſion reign;
Chromatic

Remarks.

reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath.

Ver. 43. *Nor couldſt thou*, &c.] This noble perſon in the year 1737, when the act aforeſaid was brought into the houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. Cibber) "with a lively "ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. Cibber, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them: but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the noble author and myſelf, concerning the *true reading* of certain paſſages. Bent.

Ver. 45. *When lo! a harlot form*] The attitude given to this phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe operas with favourite ſongs, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the nobility. This circumſtance that Opera ſhould prepare for the opening of the grand ſeſſions, was propheſied of in book iii. ver. 304.

Already opera prepares the way,
The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway.

Ver. 54. *let diviſion reign:*] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect

Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence, 55
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One trill ſhall harmoniſe joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting ſtage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, rebellion will commence,
If muſic meanly borrows aid from ſenſe:
Strong in new arms! lo! giant Handel ſtands, 65
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouſe, to ſhake the ſoul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs; or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore. 70

Remarks.

of that harmony which conforms to the ſenſe, and applies to the paſſions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of inſtruments into the orcheſtra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his muſic into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work above-mentioned.

Ver. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] That ſpecies of the ancient muſic called the *Chromatic*, was a variation and embelliſhment, in odd irregularities, of the *Diatonic* kind. They ſay it was invented about the time of Alexander, and that the Spartans forbade the uſe of it, as languid and effeminate.

Ver. 58. *Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting ſtage;*] *i. e.* Diſſipate the devotion of the one by light and wanton airs; and ſubdue the pathos of the other by recitative and ſing-ſong.

Ver. 61. *Thy own* Phœbus, *reigns*,]

"Tuus jam regnat Apollo." Virg.

Not the ancient Phœbus, the god of harmony, but a modern Phœbus of French extraction, married to the Princeſs Galimathia, one of the handmaids of Dulneſs, and an aſſiſtant to Opera. Of whom ſee Bouhours, and other critics of that nation. Scribl.

Imitations.

Ver. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]
*Joy to great Cæſar*—The beginning of a famous old ſong.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led, 75
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

REMARKS.

Ver. 71. *Fame's posterior trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her *second* or *more certain* report, unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to Hudibras:

"She blows not both with the same wind,
"But one before and one behind:
"And therefore modern authors name
"One good, and t'other evil fame."

Ver. 73. *The young, the old, who feel her inward sway*, &c.] In this new world of Dulness, each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the system. The *first*, drawn only by the strong and *simple impulse of attraction*, are represented as falling directly down into her; as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre.

"——all their centre found,
"Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around."

The *second*, though within the sphere of her *attraction*, yet having at the same time a *projectile* motion, are carried, by the composition of these two, in *planetary revolutions* round her centre, some nearer to it, some further off:

"Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
"Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess."

The *third* are properly *excentrical*, and no constant members of her state or system; sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and sometimes again almost on the surface of her *broad effulgence*. Their use in their perihelion, or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral world, as that of *comets* in the natural, namely, to refresh and recreate the dryness and decays of the system, in the manner marked out from ver. 91, to 98.

Ver. 75, 77. *None need a* guide,—*None want a* place,] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life; they are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places.

Not

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.

Remarks.

Ver. 76, to 101. It ought to be observed, that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imagined in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81, to 90. The third, of such, as though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste, in arts they understand not; from ver. 91, to 101.

Ver. 86. *weak rebels, more advance her cause.*] Such as those who affect to oppose her government, by setting up for patrons of letters, without knowing how to judge of merit. The consequence of which is, that, as all true merit is modest and reserved, and the *false*, forward and presuming; and the judge easily imposed upon; fools get the rewards due to genius. For as the poet said of one of these patrons,

*Dryden alone (what wonder?)* came not nigh,
*Dryden alone* escap'd this judging eye.

And thus, as he rightly observes, these weak rebels unwittingly advance the cause of her they would be thought most to oppose.

For while no rewards are given for the encouragement of letters, Genius will support itself on the footing of that reputation, which men of wit will always win from the Dunces. But an undue distribution of the rewards of learning will entirely depress or disgust all true genius; which now not only finds itself robbed of the honours it might claim from others, but defeated of that very reputation it would otherwise have won for itself. For, as the course of things is ordered, general reputation, when it comes into rivalship, is rather attendant on favour and high station, than on the simple endowments of wit and learning. Hence we conclude, that unless the province of encouraging letters be wisely and faithfully administered, it were better for them that there were no encouragement at all.

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call:
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull flatt'ry in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite. 100
There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air; 105
His stretch'd out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:

Remarks.

Ver. 93. *false to* Phœbus] Spoken of the ancient and true Phœbus; not the French Phœbus, who hath no chosen priests or poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach.

Scribl.

Ver. 99, 100.
*And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,*
*Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.*]
In this division are reckoned up, 1. The idolizers of Dulness in the great.—2. Ill judges.—3. Ill writers.—4. Ill patrons. But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others.

Ver. 108.—*bow'd from side to side:*] As being of no *one* party.

But

But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by: 110
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three-hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs, ſmiling,—"Thus revive the wits!"
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits; 120
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new edition of old Æſon gave;

Let

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 114.
"What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for SHAKESPEARE's page?"

REMARKS.

Ver. 110. *bold* Benſon] This man endeavouring to raiſe himſelf to fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, ſetting up heads, and procuring tranſlations of Milton; and afterwards by as great paſſion for Arthur Johnſton, a Scots phyſician's verſion of the pſalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. *the decent* Knight] An eminent perſon, who was about to publiſh a very pompous edition of a great author *at his own expence.*

Ver. 115, *&c.*] Theſe four lines were printed in a ſeparate leaf by Mr. Pope in the laſt edition, which he himſelf gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shakeſpeare ſhould be publiſhed. B.

Ver. 119. "*Thus revive,*" &c.] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of perſons not eminent in any branch of learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers; either by printing *editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former inſtances; or by ſetting up *monuments* diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 122. *old* Æſon] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to theſe reſtored authors)

"Æſon *miratur*,
"Diſſimilemque animum *ſubiit*."——

Let ſtandard authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd ſhade, 125
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick. 130
So by each bard an alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy lord ſhall hang at ev'ry wit,

And

REMARKS.

Ver. 128. *A page, a grave,*] For what leſs than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a page can be allowed a living one?

Ver. 128. *A page,*] *Pagena*, not *pediſſequas*. A page of a book, not a ſervant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a *page* ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBL.

Ver. 131. *So by each bard an alderman*, &c.] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

Ibid.—*an alderman ſhall ſit,*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. *A heavy lord ſhall hang at ev'ry wit,*] How unnatural an image! and how ill ſupported! ſaith Ariſtarchus. Had it been,

A heavy wit ſhall hang at ev'ry lord,

ſomething might have been ſaid, in an age ſo diſtinguiſhed for well judging patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD, that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpoſe, conſpicuous is the caſe of the poor author of Hudibras, whoſe *body*, long ſince weighed down to the grave by a *load* of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his *ſpirit*; wherein the editor has atchieved more than Virgil himſelf, when he turned critic, could boaſt of, which was only, "that he had picked "gold out of another man's dung;" whereas the editor has picked it out of his own. SCRIBL.

Ariſtarchus thinks the common reading right; and that the author himſelf had been ſtruggling; and has but juſt ſhaken off his *load* when he wrote the following epigram.

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Ver. 126. *Admire new light*, &c.]
"The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
"Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made."

*Waller.*

And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.
Now crouds on crouds around the Goddess press, 135
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce behold the next advance,
But fop shews fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then

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" My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
" Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
" But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
" And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
" What? on compulsion? and against my will,
" A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill."

Ver. 137, 138.

*Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,*
*But fop shews fop superior complaisance.*]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit, have on blockheads. For as judgment consists in finding out the *difference* in things, and wit in finding out their *likenesses*, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in *reproving*, *examining*, *confuting*, &c. while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, *addresses*, *characters*, *epithalamiums*, &c.

Ver. 140. *the dreadful wand;*] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

Ver. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of fear somewhat like this, is described in the 7th Æneid.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 142. *Dropping with infant's blood*, &c.]

" First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood,
" Of human sacrifice, and parents tears." *Milton.*

Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone. 150
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind.

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"Contremuit nemus———
"Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos."

nothing being so natural, in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *master*. Scribl.

Ver. 151. *like the Samian letter*,] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Pers.

Ver. 153. *Plac'd at the door*, &c.] This circumstance of the *genius loci* (with that of the index-hand before, seems to be an allusion to the *table of Cebes*, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς, ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι, οὗτος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

Ver. 154.—*to stand too wide*] A pleasant allusion to the description of the door of Wisdom in the *table of Cebes*, Θύραν τινὰ μικράν.

Ver. 159. *to exercise the breath*;] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives.

Ver. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock*, &c.] For youth being used like pack-horses, and beaten under a heavy load of words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre.

A poet

A poet the first day, he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost! 170
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.
Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant reign! 175
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;

To

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Ver. 166. *in yonder* House *or* Hall.] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Ver. 174. *That masterpiece of man,*] Viz. an *epigram*. The famous Doctor South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic "poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddess)*, &c.] The matter under debate is how to confine men to words for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world, they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive tyranny, than that of grammar-schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary power*; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *sounds*; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *pedant monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least *one thing*; but that sufficient, the *doctrine of divine right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of learning thrives well under arbitrary government but the *verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such governments to cultivate the study of things, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of scholiasts and grammarians so soon overspread the light of Greece and Rome,

To ſtick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar ſchool! 180
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,
'Tis in the ſhade of arbitrary ſway.

O! if

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when once thoſe famous communities had loſt their liberties. Another reaſon is the *encouragement* which arbitrary governments give to the ſtudy of *words*, in order to buſy and amuſe active geniuſes, who might otherwiſe prove troubleſome and inquiſitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had deſtroyed the poor remains of his country's liberties, and made the ſupreme court of Parliament merely *miniſterial*, he inſtituted the French *academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was ſaid upon that occaſion, by a brave magiſtrate, when the letters patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deſerves to be remembered: he told the aſſembly, that "it put him in mind how an emperor of Rome "once treated his ſenate; who, when he had deprived them of "the cogniſance of public matters, ſent a meſſage to them in form "for their opinion about the beſt ſauce for a turbot."

Ver. 176. *Some gentle* JAMES, *&c.*] Wilſon tells us that this King, James I. took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of *Sacred Majeſty*, which his loyal clergy transferred from *God* to *him*. "The principles of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance (ſays the "author of the Diſſertation on parties, letter 8) which before his "time had ſculked perhaps in ſome old homily, were talked, "written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

Ver. 181, 182. *if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day, 'Tis in the ſhade of* arbitrary ſway.] And grateful it is in Dulneſs to make this confeſſion. I will not ſay ſhe alludes to that celebrated verſe of Claudian,

"——Nunquam *libertas* gratior exſtat
"Quam ſub *Rege pio*;"

But this I will ſay, that the words *liberty* and *monarchy* have been frequently confounded and miſtaken one for the other, by the

O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a king;
That which my prieſts, and mine alone, maintain, 185
Which as it dies or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal: 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.

Nor

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graveſt authors. I ſhould therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verſe was thus,

"——nunquam *libertas* gratior exſtat
"Quam ſub *Lege* pia,"

and that *rege* was the reading only of Dulneſs herſelf: and therefore ſhe might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwiſe of this paſſage; the genuine reading is *libertas* and *rege*: ſo Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the firſt verſe: it ſhould be *exit*, not *exſtat*; and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never *loſt*, or *went away* with ſo good a grace, as under a good king; it being without doubt a tenfold ſhame to loſe it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a moſt grievous piece of nonſenſe to be found in all the editions of the author of the Dunciad himſelf. A moſt capital one it is, and owing to the confuſion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *liberty* and *monarchy*. Eſſay on Crit.

"Nature, like *monarchy*, is but reſtrain'd
"By the ſame laws herſelf at firſt ordain'd."

Who ſees not, it ſhould be *nature, like* liberty? Correct it therefore, *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the author himſelf ſhould oppugn) in all the impreſſions which have been, or ſhall be, made of his works. BENTL.

Ver. 189. *Prompt at the call—Ariſtotle's friends*] The author, with great propriety, hath made theſe, who were ſo *prompt at the call* of Dulneſs, to become preachers of the divine right of kings, to be the *friends* of Ariſtotle; for this philoſopher, in his *politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that ſome men were by nature made to ſerve, and others to command.

Ver. 192. *Ariſtotle's friends.*] A ſatire on SCHOOL PHILOSOPHY, which was founded in a corrupt Peripatetiſm, and is the

Nor wert thou, Isis, wanting to the day,
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came

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art of making a great deal from nothing, in theology; and nothing from a great deal, in physics.

Ibid. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.*] The philosophy of Aristotle had suffered a long disgrace in this learned university: being first expelled by the Cartesian, which, in its turn, gave place to the Newtonian. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to Baal, nor acknowledged any strange god in philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the Goddess, come out like confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their master. Thus far SCRIBLERUS.

But the learned Mr. Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this *various fortune of Aristotle* relates not to his *natural*, but his *moral* philosophy. For speaking of that university in his time, he says, "they seemed to have as implicit a reverence "for Shakespeare and Johnson, as formerly for the ETHICS *of* "*Aristotle.*" See his life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken *Ethics* for *Physics*; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, *viz.* while he and the players were at Oxford.

Ibid. *A hundred head*, &c.] It appears by this the Goddess had been careful of keeping up a succession, according to the rule,

"Semper enim refice: ac, ne post amissa requiras,
"Anteveni; et sobolem *armento* sortire *quotannis.*"

It is remarkable with what dignity the poet here describes the *friends* of this ancient philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere voles Epicuri de* grege *Porcum.* But the word *drove*, *armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble Festus the *grammarian* assures us, "Armentum id genus pecoris "appellatur, quod est idoneum opus *armorum.*" And alluding to the temper of this *warlike breed*, our poet very appositely calls them a *hundred head.* SCRIBL.

Ver. 194. [*Tho' Christ-church*, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it in between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its *proper deputies*; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body.* BENTL.

Ver. 196. *still expelling* Locke,] In the year 1703 there was

Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.

Before

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a meeting of the heads of the univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the laſt edition.

Ver. 198. *On German* Crouzaz, *and Dutch* Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houſes ſhall ride on horſeback, who, of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *names*, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.

Though I have the greateſt deference to the penetration of this eminent ſcholiaſt, and muſt own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juſter than that rule of criticiſm, which directs us to keep to the *literal* ſenſe, when no apparent abſurdity accompanies it, (and ſure there is no abſurdity in ſuppoſing a logician on horſeback), yet ſtill I muſt needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horſes, nor even centaurs, which, for the ſake of the learned *Chiron*, I ſhould rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphoſed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un eſprit peſant, lourd, ſans ſubtilité, ni gentil-"leſſe UN GROS CHEVAL D' ALLEMAGNE." ARISTAR.

Here I profeſs to go oppoſite to the whole ſtream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though aukwardly, at an elegant Greciſm in this repreſentation; for in that language the word ἵππος [horſe] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatneſs or ſtrength; as ἱππολάπαθον, ἱππόλωσσον, ἱππουράνθρωπον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great conneiſſeur, which comes neareſt to the caſe in hand. SCIP. MAFF.

Ver. 199. *The ſtreams*] The river Cam, running by the walls of theſe colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in diſputation.

Ver. 202. *ſleeps in Port*] *viz.* "Now retired into harbour, af-"ter the tempeſts that had long agitated his ſociety." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei underſtands it of a certain

Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride, 205
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown? 210
The mighty ſcholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.
Turn what they will to verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it proſe again.

Roman

wine called *Port*, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. "De "compotationibus academicis."

Ver. 205. *His hat, &c.——So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.*] The hat-worſhip, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that ſect: yet, where it is neceſſary to pay that reſpect to man, (as in the courts of juſtice and Houſes of Parliament,) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conſcience, permitted other people to uncover them.

Ver. 210. *Ariſtarchus*] A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent profeſſor, in applying to him ſo great a name, was the reaſon that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praiſes. We ſhall therefore ſupply that loſs to our beſt ability.

Scribl.

Ver. 214. *Critics like me*—] Alluding to two famous editions of Horace and Milton; whoſe richeſt veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the pooreſt and moſt beggarly proſe.—Verily the learned ſcholiaſt is grievouſly miſtaken. Ariſtarchus is not boaſting here of the *wonders* of his art in annihilating the ſublime;

Imitations.

Ver. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton.

"—He, kingly, from his ſtate
"Declin'd not."——

Ver. 210.—*is* Ariſtarchus *yet unknown?*]

"Sic notus Ulyſſes?" Virg.

"Doſt thou not feel me, Rome?" Ben Johnſon.

Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
Author of something yet more great than letter; 216
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

Let

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but of the *usefulness* of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words, "make it prose again," plainly shewing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls Ρημαθ' ἱππο-βαμονα, all "prose on horseback." SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. *Author of something yet more great than letter;*] Alluding to those grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented *single letters*. But Aristarchus, who had found out a *double* one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it "something more than letter," from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. *of* me *or* te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: had it been about *meum* and *tuum*, it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first ode of Horace, to read, "Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium," or, "Te doctarum hederæ." —By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *meum* and *tuum*, which is a mistake: for, as a venerable sage observeth, "Words are the counters of wise men, "but the money of fools;" so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. *Or give up Cicero to* C *or* K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is

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Ver. 215. *Roman and Greek Grammarians*, &c.] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid.

"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
"Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal: 230
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
See hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*.
Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240

Like

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a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it *Hermagora*, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: "Ego vero Cicero-"nem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim."—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. *Friend—Alsop*] Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his commonplace book to the public, where we happen to find much mincemeat of old books.

Ver. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

Ver. 239, 240. *Ah, think not mistress, &c.——In Folly's cap, &c.*] By this it appears the dunces and fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140. had a contention of rivalship for the Goddess's favour on

Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On learning's ſurface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, 245
Nor has one ATTERBURY ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphyſic ſmokes involve the pole.

For

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this great day. Thoſe got the ſtart, but theſe make it up by their ſpokeſman in the next ſpeech. It ſeems as if Ariſtarchus here firſt ſaw him advancing with his fair pupil. SCRIBL.

Ver. 241, 242, *Like buoys*, &c.——*On Learning's ſurface*, &c.] So that the ſtation of a *profeſſor* is only a kind of legal noticer to inform us where the *ſhatter'd hulk* of learning lies ſunk; which after ſo long unhappy navigation, and now without either maſter or patron, we may wiſh, with Horace, may *lie there ſtill*.

" ——Nonne vides, ut
" Nudum remigio latus?
" ——non tibi ſunt integra lintea;
" Non *Di*, quo iterum preſſa voces malo.
" Quamvis pontica pinus,
" Sylvæ filia nobilis,
" Jactes et *genus*, et *nomen inutile*." Hor.

Ver. 244. *And much divinity without a* Νοῦς ] A word much affected by the learned Ariſtarchus in common converſation, to ſignify *genius* or natural *acumen*. But this paſſage has a farther view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for *mind*, or the *firſt cauſe*, and that ſyſtem of divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νοῦς: ſuch as the poet afterwards deſcribes, (ſpeaking of the dreams of one of theſe latter Platoniſts),

" Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
" Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
" That Nature,"——— &c.

Ver. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury*,] Iſaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church, both great geniuſes and eloquent preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime geometry, the other in claſſical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their ſeveral ſocieties.

Ver. 247. *the heavy canon*] Canon here, if ſpoken of *artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the " canons of the houſe," in the ſingular, and meant only of *one*: in which caſe I ſuſpect the *pole* to be a falſe reading, and that it ſhould be the *poll*, or head of that

For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read: 250
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it:
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool 255
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run through ev'ry ſchool?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with diſpute, or perſecute with rhyme. 260
We only furniſh what we cannot uſe,
Or wed to what we muſt divorce, a Muſe:

Full

REMARKS.

canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *paranomaſia* or *pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of ſpeech more appoſite to our gentle Goddeſs, or more frequently uſed by her and her children, eſpecially of the univerſity? Doubtleſs it better ſuits the character of Dulneſs, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel; yet Milton feared not to put a conſiderable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been obſerved, that they were the devil's angels, as if he did it to ſuggeſt the devil was the author as well of falſe wit, as of falſe religion, and that the father of lies was alſo the father of puns. But this is idle; it muſt be owned a Chriſtian practice, uſed in the primitive times by ſome of the fathers, and in latter by moſt of the ſons of the church; till the debauched reign of Charles II. when the ſhameleſs paſſion for *wit* overthrew every thing: and even the beſt writers admitted it, provided it was obſcene, under the name of the *double entendre*.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 248. *And metaphyſic ſmokes*, &c.] Here the learned Ariſtarchus ending the firſt member of his harangue in behalf of *words*; and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *things*; very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obſcurity, with *ſubſtance*, and in its emptineſs, with *names*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 255,—271. *What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool*, &c.] Hitherto Ariſtarchus hath diſplayed the art of teaching his pupils words, without things. He ſhews greater ſkill in what follows, which is to teach things without profit. For with the "better ſort "of fool" the firſt expedient is, ver. 254,—258. to run him ſo ſwiftly through the circle of the ſciences that he ſhall ſtick at nothing, nor nothing ſtick with him; and though ſome little, both of words and things, ſhould by chance he gathered up in his paſ-

Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
Walker!

REMARKS.

sage, yet he shows, ver. 259, to 261. that it is never more of the one than just to enable him to *persecute with rhyme*, or of the other than to *plague with dispute*. But if, after all, the pupil will needs *learn* a science, it is then provided by his careful directors, ver. 261; 262, that it shall either be such as he can never *enjoy* when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to *divorce*. And to make all sure, ver. 263,—267. the useless or pernicious sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of wit *petrified* in Euclid, or *trammelled* in metaphysics; and the man of judgment *married*, without his parents consent, to a *Muse*. Thus far the particular arts of modern education, used partially, and diversified according to the subject and the occasion: but there is one general method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267,—270. and that is AUTHORITY, the universal CEMENT, which fills the cracks and chasms of *lifeless* matter, shuts up all the pores of *living* substances, and brings all human minds to *one dead level*. For if nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to *bind rebel wit*, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to *get the man out* again from under so impenetrable a crust. The poet alludes to this masterpiece of the schools in ver. 501, where he speaks of *vassals to a name*.

Ver. 264. *petrify a* genius] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.

Ver. 270. *and hew the block off*,] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue which would appear on the removal of superfluous parts.

Ver. 272. *lac'd governor*] Why *lac'd*? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know, why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280
When thus th' attendant orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

The-

Remarks.

Ver. 272. *Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor.*] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But, were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore: and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Ver. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, Odyss. xi. where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the *traveller*, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the *travelling* and the *university* tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. Scribl.

Ver. 276. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*]

"Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas." Hor.

Ver. 280. *As if he saw* St. James's] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. *th' attendant orator*] The governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend, or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. Scribl.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God*] *i. e.* Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whose-

The ſire ſaw, one by one, his virtues wake: 285
The mother begg'd the bleſſing of a rake.
Thou gav'ſt that ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy, nor man,

REMARKS.

great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying *names*. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the *prieſt*, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to *finiſh what the nurſe began*. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286.—*the bleſſing of a rake.*] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this bleſſing ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver. 316. where the orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

"Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,"

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard.—Here the good ſcholiaſt, as, indeed, every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the *bleſſing of a rake* ſignifying no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a *rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *bleſſings* would follow of courſe.

Ver. 288. *he ne'er was boy, nor man,*] Nature hath beſtowed on the human ſpecies two ſtates or conditions, *infancy* and *manhood*. Wit ſometimes makes the *firſt* diſappear, and Folly the *latter*; but true Dulneſs annihilates *both*. For, want of *apprehenſion* in boys, not ſuffering that conſcious ignorance and inexperience which produce the aukward baſhfulneſs of youth, makes them *aſſured*; and want of *imagination* makes them *grave*. But this *gravity* and *aſſurance*, which is beyond *boyhood*, being neither wiſdom nor knowledge, do never reach to *manhood*. SCRIBL.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 284. *A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.*]

"——ſine Dis animoſus infans." HOR.

Thro'

Thro' ſchool and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt: 290
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay, 295
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls: 300
To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves, 305
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth eunuch and enamour'd ſwain. 310

REMARKS.

Ver. 290. *unſeen the young Æneas paſt: Thence burſting glorious,*] See Virg. Æn. i.

" At Venus obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,
" At multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
" Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere poſſit;
" 2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. veniendi poſcere cauſas."

Where he enumerates the cauſes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. That nobody might touch or correct him: 2. Might ſtop or detain him: 3. Examine him about the progreſs he had made, or ſo much as gueſs why he came there.

Ver. 303. *lily-ſilver'd vales,*] Tuberoſes.

Ver. 307. *But chief,* &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illuſtrious for her *carnivals*.

Led

Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal ſenſe, of op'ras or the fair;
The ſtews and palace equally explor'd, 315
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more; 320
All claſſic learning loſt on claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd *air*, the echo of a ſound!
See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a ſolo in his head;
As much eſtate, and principle, and wit, 325
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;

REMARKS.

Ver. 318. *greatly-daring din'd;*] It being indeed no ſmall riſk to eat through theſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguiſed ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

Ver. 322. *And laſt turn'd* air, *the echo of a ſound!*] Yet leſs a body than echo itſelf; for echo reflects *ſenſe* or *words*, at leaſt, this gentleman only *airs* and *tunes*:

"——*Sonus* eſt, qui vivit in *illo*." Ovid. Met.

So that this was not a metamorphoſis either in one or the other, but only a reſolution of the ſoul into its true principles; its real eſſence being harmony, according to the doctrine of Orpheus, the inventor of opera, who firſt performed to a ſelect aſſembly of beaſts. SCRIBL.

Ver. 324. *With nothing but a* ſolo *in his head;*] With nothing but a *ſolo?* Why, if it be a *ſolo*, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *opera*, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL.

Ver. 326. *Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber,*] Three very eminent perſons, all managers of *plays*; who, though not governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way, concerned themſelves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his talents for this end, ſee book i. ver. 199, &c.

Stol'n

Soft, as the wily fox is ſeen to creep, 351
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat!
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit! 356
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe; 360
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, though not in gold, 365
And keep his Lares, though his houſe be ſold;

### Remarks.

Ver. 355. ſtill *to cheat!*] Some read *ſkill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that ſkill already; or if he had not, *ſkill* were not wanting to cheat ſuch perſons. Bentl.

Ver. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The owl ſtamped on the reverſe on the ancient money of Athens.

" Which *Chalcis* gods, and mortals call an *owl*,"

is the verſe by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

Ver. 363 ——*Attys and Cecrops*] The firſt king of Athens, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images; and the ſtory of whoſe pigeon was a monkiſh fable. Nevertheleſs one of theſe Anniuſes made a counterfeit medal of that impoſtor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.

### Imitations.

Ver. 355.——*grant me ſtill to cheat!*
*O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!*]

" Da, pulchra Laverna,
" Da mihi fallere————
" Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem." Hor.

To

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two. 370
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:
Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base! 375
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.

True,

REMARKS.

Ver. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if "any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in "their stead." By which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.

Ibid.—*Fool-renown'd*,] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renowned by fools, or renowned for making fools.*

Ver. 372. *Cheops*] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above-mentioned. But he omits to observe, that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes?* &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the history of the Syrian kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden bourasque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burden he carried, first

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks, to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chac'd him on the deep. 380
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.
Witness great Ammon, by whose horns I swore,
(Reply'd soft Annius), this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.
The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

### Remarks.

asked him, *Whether the medals were of the Higher Empire?* He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure, he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 383. *each* demi-god,] They are called Θεοί on their coins.

Ver. 387. *Witness great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose *horns* they wore on their medals.

Ver. 394. *Douglas*] A physician of great learning, and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

### Imitations.

Ver. 383. *Receiv'd each demigod,*]

" Emissumque ima de sede Typhoëa terræ
" Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse
" Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
" Ceperit." Ovid.

Then

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the pow'r,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r. 400
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 405
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?

### Remarks.

Ver. 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,*] The similitude of *locusts* does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the virtuosi: who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf, in their *course* of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched. Scribl.

Ver. 409. *and nam'd it* Caroline:] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, *This is* my *Queen Caroline.*

### Imitations.

Ver. 405. *Fair from its humble bed*, &c. *nam'd it* Caroline!
Each maid cry'd, *Charming!* and each youth, *Divine!*
Now prostrate! dead! behold that *Caroline:*
No maid cries, *Charming!* and no youth, *Divine!*

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

" Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
" Quam mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,
" Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
" Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
" Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ," &c.

Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline!
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt 415
Laid this gay daughter of the ſpring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing 421
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of heat and air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r, 425
The riſing game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd: 430
Roſe or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.

### Remarks.

Ver. 418 *Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades.*] It is a trite obſervation, that men have always placed the happineſs of their fancied *Elyſium* in ſomething they took moſt delight in here. The joys of a Mahometan paradiſe conſiſt in young maidens, always virgins: our modeſter votary warms his imagination only with carnations always in bloom; which, alluding, at the ſame time, to the perpetual ſpring of the old Elyſian fields, give an inimitable pleaſantry, as well as decorum, to the concluſion of his prayer.

### Imitations.

Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamell'd race,*] The poet ſeems to have an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.

" Of all the race of ſilver-winged flies
" Which do poſſeſs the empire of the air."

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd,* &c.]

"———I ſtarted back,
" It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
" Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon"—— Milton.

I tell

I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *butterfly*.
My sons! (she answer'd), both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 440
The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd; 445
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss; 450
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

### Variations.

Ver. 441. *The common soul*, &c.] in the first edition thus,

Of souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that centinel of God,
A drowzy watchman in the land of Nod.

### Remarks.

Ver. 440. *Our sleeping friends*,] Of whom see ver. 345, above.

Ver. 444. *And breaks our rest to tell us what's a clock.*] *i. e.* When the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of breaking up; but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.

Ver. 450. *a wilderness of moss*;] Of which the naturalists count I cannot tell how many hundred species.

Ver. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon: which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

O! would

O! would the ſons of men once think their eyes
And reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy *flies!*
See Nature in ſome partial, narrow ſhape, 455
And let the Author of the whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.
Be that my taſk; (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to myſt'ry, yet divinely dark; 460
Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When moral evidence ſhall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatiſe):

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Ver. 453. *O! would the ſons of men*, &c.] This is the third ſpeech of the Goddeſs to her ſupplicants, and completes the whole of what ſhe had to give in inſtruction on this important occaſion, concerning learning, civil ſociety, and religion. In the firſt ſpeech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, ſhe directs how to deprave wit, and diſcredit fine writers. In her ſecond, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, ſhe ſhews them how all civil duties may be extinguiſhed, in that one doctrine of divine hereditary right. And in this third, ſhe charges the inveſtigators of nature to amuſe themſelves in trifles, and reſt in ſecond cauſes, with a total diſregard of the firſt. This being all that Dulneſs can wiſh, is all ſhe needs to ſay; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been ſaid of true wit, that "ſhe neither ſays too little, nor too much."

Ver. 459. *a gloomy clerk*,] The epithet *gloomy* in this line may ſeem the ſame with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and diſaſtrous condition of an irreligious ſceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled ſyſtems.

Ver. 462. *When moral evidence ſhall quite decay*,] Alluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſome mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul, or died in the ſenate-houſe. See Craig's Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica. But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help, therefore, they have reaſon to pray.

Let

Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride! 470
We nobly take the high Priori road!
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still incroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:

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Ver. 465—468. *Let others creep—thro' Nature led.*] In these lines are described the *disposition* of the rational inquirer; and the *means* and *end* of knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties, must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, "plain and "sure experience;" which though supporting only an humble *foundation*, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads, surely, to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of nature*.

Ver. 471. *the high Priori road!*] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

Ver. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God:*] This was in fact the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a *visible world* to an *invisible God*, took the other road; and from an *invisible God* (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned "downwards to a visible world" in theory, of man's creation; which not agreeing, as might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from their inability to account for *evil*, which they saw in this world, to doubt of that God, whose being they had admitted, and whose attributes they had deduced, *a priori*, on weak and mistaken principles.

Ver. 473. *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain "plastic nature, "elastic fluid, subtile matter," &c.

Thrust

Thrust some mechanic cause into his place; 475
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in *self*, and but for self be born: 480
Of nought so certain as our *reason* still,
Of nought so doubtful as of *soul* and *will*.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:

Wrapt

REMARKS.

Ver. 475. *Thrust some* mechanic cause *into his place,*
*Or bind in* matter, *or diffuse in* space.]

The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding philosophers.

Ver. 477. *Or, at one* bound, &c.] These words are very significant: in their physical and metaphysical reasonings it was a *chain* of pretended *demonstration* that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in morals rest only on bold and impudent *assertions*, without the least shadow of proof, in which they *o'erleap* all the laws of argument as well as truth.

Ver. 478, &c.

*Make God man's image, man the final cause,*
*Find* virtue local, *all* relation *scorn,*
*See all in* self—]

Here the poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in natural philosophy, descends to those in moral. Man was made according to *God's image;* this false theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *man's image.* This proceeds from the imperfection of his *reason.* The next, of imagining himself the final cause, is the effect of his *pride:* as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the magistrate, is of the *corruption* of his *heart.* Hence he centers every thing in *himself.* The progress of Dulness herein differing from that of madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in self.*

Ver. 481. *Of nought so certain as our* reason *still,*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of* soul *and* will: two things the most self-evident, the existence of our soul, and the freedom of our will.

Ver. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

" Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse est
" Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,

Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought, 485
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

While

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" Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—
" Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira."

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess. SCRIBL.

Ver. 487. *Or that* bright image.] *Bright image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it Αὐτόπτον Ἄλαμμα, or the *self-seen image*, *i. e.* seen by its own light.

This *ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the North; and the writings of Geddes, and the other followers of Hutchinson, are full of its wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *self-seen image*, these second-sighted philosophers see every thing else. SCRIBL.

Ver. 487. *Or that bright image*] *i. e.* Let it be either the *chance god* of Epicurus, or the FATE of this Goddess.

Ver. 488. *Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw*,] Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in these visions:

" To-morrow, when the eastern sun
" With his first beams adorns the front
" Of yonder hill, if you're content
" To wander with me in the woods you see,
" We will pursue those loves of ours,
" By favour of the sylvan nymphs:

" and invoking first the *genius* of the *place*, we will try to obtain
" at least some faint and distant view of the *sovereign genius* and
" *first beauty*." *Charact.* vol. ii. p. 245.

This *genius* is thus apostrophised (p. 345.) by the same philosopher:

" ——O glorious *Nature!*
" Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
" All-loving, and all lovely! all divine!
" Wise substitute of Providence! *impower'd*
" *Creatress!* or THOU *impow'ring Deity*,
" *Supreme Creator!*
" Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore."

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.]—" Hunc cognosci-

While thro' poetic ſcenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves; 490
That Nature our ſociety adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.
Rouz'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy ſire,
And ſhook from out his pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then

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" mus ſolummodo per proprietates ſuas et attributa, et per ſapien-
" tiſſimas et optimas rerum ſtructuras, et cauſas finales; venera-
" mur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim ſine domi-
" nio, providentia, et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam fatum
" et natura."

Ver. 489. *roves,—Or wanders wild in academic groves;*] " Above
" all things I loved *eaſe*, and of all philoſophers, thoſe who reaſon-
" ed moſt *at their eaſe*, and were never angry or diſturbed, as thoſe
" called *ſceptics* never were. I looked upon this kind of philoſophy
" as the prettieſt, agreeableſt, roving exerciſe of the mind, poſſible
" to be imagined." Vol. ii. p. 206.

Ver. 491. *That Nature our ſociety adores,*] See the Pantheiſticon, with its liturgy and rubrics, compoſed by Toland, which very lately, for the edification of the *ſociety*, has been tranſlated into Engliſh, and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter.

Ver. 492. *Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke of ſatire againſt Atheiſm was well intended. But how muſt the reader ſmile at our author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as ſoon have found a wolf in England as an Atheiſt? The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated. There is a trifling difference, indeed, concerning the author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he ſo well convinced that great man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found *Atheiſt*, he always read it, *A Theiſt*. But, in ſpite of a claim ſo well made out, others give the honour of this exploit to a later Boylean lecturer. A *judicious* apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance than poſitiveneſs of expreſſion, " It is a moſt certain truth, that
" the demonſtration of the being and attributes of God has extir-
" pated and baniſhed Atheiſm out of the Chriſtian world," p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the cleareſt truths have ſtill their dark ſide. Here we ſee it becomes a doubt, which of the two Herculeſes was the monſter-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it ſo certain, there is no occaſion for ſo nice a canvaſſing of circumſtances. Scribl.

Ibid. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philoſopher, as ap-

Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down, 495
Roſy and rev'rend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddeſs *Dame*.
Then thus. From prieſt-craft happily ſet free,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd ſon returns to thee: 500
Firſt ſlave to words, then vaſſal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen, 505
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a queen?
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:

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pears from Virgil, eclog. vi. where he ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

Ver. 494. *ſeeds of fire;*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or atoms. Virg. eclog. vi. "Semina ignis—ſemina flammæ."

Ver. 499, 500. *From* Prieſt-craft *happily ſet free,*
*Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd ſon returns to thee:*]

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimſical. It would ſeem, ſays he, by this, as if the PRIESTS (who are always plotting miſchief againſt the *Law of Nature*) had inveigled theſe harmleſs youths from the boſom of their mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and reſtored them to her indulgent arms. But this is ſo ſingular a fancy, and at the ſame time ſo unſupported by proof, that we muſt in juſtice acquit them of all ſuſpicions of this kind.

Ver. 501. *Firſt ſlave to words*, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole courſe of modern education deſcribed in this book, which confines youth to the ſtudy of *words* only in ſchools; ſubjects them to the authority of *ſyſtems* in the univerſities; and deludes them with the names of *party diſtinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the underſtanding, and eſtabliſh ſlavery and error in literature, philoſophy, and politics. The whole finiſhed in modern free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind, as it eſtabliſhes *ſelf-love* for the ſole principle of action.

Ver. 506. *Smil'd on by a Queen?*] *i. e.* This Queen or Goddeſs of Dulneſs.

Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
And melted down in penſion, or in punk! 510
So K* ſo B** ſneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's ſlave.
Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt! 515
Thy *Magus*, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
With that, a Wizard old his *Cup* extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire,

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Ver. 517. *With that, a Wizard old*, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the Greater Myſteries of the Goddeſs, which the poet in his invocation, ver. 5, promiſed to ſing. For when now each aſpirant, as was the cuſtom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the High-priest of Dulneſs firſt initiateth the aſſembly by the uſual way of *libation*. And then each of the initiated, as was always required, putteth on a *new nature*, deſcribed in ver. 530. "Firm impudence, and ſtupefac-"tion mild," which the ancient writers on the Myſteries call τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the High-prieſt and Goddeſs have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his conductor, an inferior miniſter or herophant, whoſe names are "Impudence, Stu-"pefaction, Self-conceit, Self-intereſt, Pleaſure, Epicuriſm," &c. to lead them through the ſeveral apartments of her myſtic dome or palace. When all this is over, the ſovereign Goddeſs, from ver. 506 to 600, conferreth her *titles* and *degrees*; rewards inſeparably attendant on the *participation* of the *myſteries*; which made the ancient *Theon* ſay of them—καλλίστα μὲν ὄν, καὶ τι μωγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence, being enriched with ſo many various gifts and graces, *initiation* into the myſteries was anciently, as well as in theſe our times, eſteemed a neceſſary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in church or ſtate. Laſtly, the great Mother, the *Bona Dea*, ſhutteth up the ſolemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her children to reſt. It is to be obſerved, that Dulness, before this her reſtoration, had her pontiffs *in partibus*; who from time to time held her myſteries in ſecret, and with great privacy. But now, on her re-eſtabliſhment, ſhe celebrateth them, like thoſe of the *Cretans* (the moſt ancient of all myſteries) in open day, and offereth them to the inſpection of all men. Scribl.

Ibid. *his cup,—Which whoſo taſtes*, &c.] "The cup of ſelf-love," which cauſes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendſhip or

Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies; 520
A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

But

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honour; and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520, to 528.

Ver. 518.—*forgets his former friends*,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside an *useless* friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect; and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king!*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where (says "he) there is no such thing as love of our country; the interest, "the glory, and the service of the *prince*, supply its place." *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, "L'amour de la patrie, le "grand motif des prémiers heros, n'est plus regardé que comme "une chimère; l'idée du service du Roi, etendüe jusqu' à l'oubli "de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois "grandeur d'ame et fidelité." *Boulainvilliers hist. des anciens parlements de France*, &c.

Ver. 528. *still keep the human shape.*] The effects of the Magus's cup, by which is allegorized a *total* corruption of heart, are just

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Ver. 518 *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,——Sire*, &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' τίς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint, 535
Beholds himſelf a patriot, chief, or ſaint.
On others int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the ſun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe. 540
Others the Syren ſiſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.

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contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the *ſudden* plunging into pleaſures. Hers, therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

Ver. 529. *But ſhe, good Goddeſs*, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives ſelf-conceit to ſome, upon the flatteries of their dependents, preſents the falſe colours of intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle pleaſures or ſenſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under allegorical perſons.

Ver. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] *i. e.* She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues; the *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for ſelf-conceit, ſelf-intereſt, *&c.* and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the pleaſures of opera and the table. Scribl.

Ver. 544. *The balm of Dulneſs*] The true *balm of Dulneſs*, called by the Greek phyſicians Κολαχεία, is a *ſovereign* remedy againſt inanity, and has its poetic name from the Goddeſs herſelf. Its ancient diſpenſators were *her poets*; and for that reaſon our author, book ii. ver. 207. calls it, *the poet's healing balm*: but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's drops or Daffy's elixir. It is prepared by the *clergy*, as appears from ſeveral places of this poem: and by ver. 534, 535, it ſeems as if the *nobility* had made it up in their own houſes. This, which *Opera* is here ſaid to adminiſter, is but a ſpurious ſort. See my diſſertation on the *ſilphium* of the *ancients*. Bentl.

Great

Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
Why all your toils? your ſons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition hates to ridicule!
The ſire is made a peer, the ſon a fool.
On ſome, a prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is ſhrunk into an urn;
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?) 555
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the vine.

Remarks.

Ver. 553. *The board with* ſpecious miracles he loads, *&c.*] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (ſays he), according to Horace, were the monſtrous fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, *&c.* What relation have theſe to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted men upon ſpears, as we do larks upon ſkewers: and the fair pigeon turned to a toad is ſimilar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before-mentioned, of diſſolving whole oxen and boars into a ſmall vial of jelly; nay, it is expreſsly ſaid, that *all fleſh is nothing in his ſight.* I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a *prieſt*, and ſoon after called a *ſacrifice*, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with *libation* and *ſong*. Scribl.

This good ſcholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of *French cookery*, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common diſh.

Ver. 556. *Seve* and *Verdeur*] French terms relating to wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur
" Villandri priſeroit ſa *ſeve* et ſa *verdeur*." Dépreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to *a nobleman in diſgrace*, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a *good table*, and particularly to be attentive to *theſe qualities* in his champagne.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy Trenfles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
The Queen confers her *titles* and *degrees*.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of court,

Impale

Remarks.

Ver. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South-sea company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742.) —These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the blood of France.

Ibid. *Bladen*, &c.] The former note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *wash* blackmoors white, alluding to a known proverb. Scribl.

Ver. 567.

*Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,*
*Who study* Shakespeare *at the Inns of Court*,]

Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom Dulness has *distinguished*; or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a *gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but in reality, a gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such Mushrooms, *A gentleman of the last edition*: who nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakespeare*, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's progress*, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-street Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the dulness of these gentlemen of the Dunciad. This *Fungoso* and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have ex-

Impale a glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 570
Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor pass'd the meanest unregarded, one 575
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Remarks.

claimed much against us for reflecting on his *birth*, in the words, *a gentleman of the last edition*, which we hereby declare concern not his *birth*, but his *adoption* only: and mean no more than that he is become *a gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad*. Since gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side.

Scribl.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our poet hath elsewhere admirably characterised in that happy line,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

"Of ever-listless loit'rers, that attend
"No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend."

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of *civil* life, and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of *social*, become fit for nothing; and so turn *wits* and *critics*, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. *Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,*] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race: he has here provided, that in case they will not awaken or open (as was before proposed) to a *bumming-bird* or a *cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free-masons; where *taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of lay-brothers, *slips* from the root of the Free-masons.

Then,

Then, bleſſing all, Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair. 580
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort and full:
My ſons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, aſſert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace; 585
With ſtaffs and pumps the Marquis leads the race:
From.

REMARKS.

Ver. 581, 582.
*All my commands are* eaſy, ſhort, *and* full:
*My ſons! be* proud, *be* ſelfiſh, *and be* dull.]

We ſhould be unjuſt to the reign of *Dulneſs* not to confeſs that hers has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in modern governments, which is, that the public *education* of her youth fits and prepares them for the obſervance of her *laws*, and the exertion of thoſe *virtues* ſhe recommends. For what makes men *prouder* than the empty *knowledge of words*; what more *ſelfiſh* than the freethinker's *ſyſtem of morals*; or duller than the profeſſion of true *virtuoſoſhip*? Nor are her *inſtitutions* leſs admirable in themſelves, than in the fitneſs of theſe their ſeveral relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For ſhe tells her ſons, and with great truth, that, "all her commands are *eaſy*, *ſhort*, and *full*." For is any thing in nature more *eaſy* than the exertion of *pride*; more *ſhort* and *ſimple* than the principle of *ſelfiſhneſs*; or more *full* and *ample* than the ſphere of *Dulneſs*? Thus, birth, education, and wiſe policy, all concurring to ſupport the throne of our Goddeſs, great muſt be the ſtrength thereof. SCRIBL.

Ver. 584. *each* privilege *your own*, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her ſons at parting, may poſſibly fall ſhort of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a theory as before-delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate running-footmen, jockeys, ſtage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well conſidered, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally rendered harmleſs by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. *The Cap and Switch*, &c.] The Goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and ta-

From ſtage to ſtage the licenc'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line; 590
The judge to dance his brother ſerjeant call;
The ſenator at cricket urge the ball;
The biſhop ſtow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred ſouls of turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy ſquire to Gallic maſters ſtoop, 595
And drown his lands and manors in a ſoup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one monarch more; 600
And nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for firſt miniſters, as ſlaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods: 605
What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of gods?

Churches

REMARKS.

lents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, John of Leiden, King of Munſter, entered on his government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, general of his horſe and hangman. And had but fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole houſehold on the ſame reaſonable footing. SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. *Arachne's ſubtile line;*] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving ſtockings of the webs of ſpiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

Ver. 591. *The judge to dance his brother ſerjeant call;*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn *dance*, intitled, *a call of ſerjeants*.

Ver. 598. *Teach Kings to fiddle,*] An ancient amuſement of ſovereign princes, *(viz.)* Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a republican—*Make ſenates dance*, either after their prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. *What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of gods?*] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the action, where

Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd);
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:

Remarks.

the Great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very singular epitasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a *great yawn;* but we must consider it as the *yawn of a god*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner; nor without authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *roar;* but then it is the *roar of a lion*, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.

Ver. 607. *Churches and chapels*, &c.] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First, it seizeth the churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess: Then the convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say, *suspended*) during the yawn; (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!); but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: The effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. Scribl.

Ver. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware reader, lest thou take this *gape* for a *yawn*, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapped a *gag* into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping;* and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of dulness and malice unchecked, and despised. Bentl.

Wide,

Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 615
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none), 620
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
Till

REMARKS.

Ver. 615, 618.] These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state-poems of that time. So that Scribderus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. *Wits have short memories,*] This seems to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'———

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

"Et meministis enim, divæ, et memorare potestis:
"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL.

Ver. 624. *The venal quiet, and,* &c.] It were a problem worthy the solution of that profound scholiast, Mr. Upton himself, (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those so long disputed amongst Homer's), to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *intrance the dull*, or to *quiet*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 621. *Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;*
*Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;*]

"Quem telo primum, quem postremum *aspera Virgo*
"Dejicis? aut quot humi *morientia corpora* fundis?" Virg.

Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong—— 625
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of *Night* primæval, and of *Chaos* old! 630
Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
*Wit* shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
*Art* after *Art* goes out, and all is night: 640

Remarks.

*the venal.* For though the *venal* may be more unruly than the *dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her virtue to *intrance* than barely to *quiet*. Scribl.

Ver. 629. *She comes! she comes!* &c.] Here the Muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretels from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterite: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some, even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physic, metaphysics, *&c.* who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. *the sable throne behold*] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of *Fancy*, and damp the fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.

Imitations.

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes*, &c.]

" Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
" Parte tamen vigilat——
" —— Vidit Cyllenius omnes
" Succubuisse oculos," &c. Ovid. Met. ii.

See

See ſculking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
*Philoſophy*, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.

*Phyſic*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 643. In the former editions it ſtood thus,

Philoſophy, that reach'd the heav'ns *before*,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, *and is no more.*

And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Ariſtotle.* This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a ſatire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines with great pleaſure into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the folly by which he the poet himſelf had been miſled.

REMARKS.

Ver. 641. Truth *to her old cavern fled,*] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: though Butler ſays, *he firſt put her in, before he drew her out.*

Ver. 643. Philoſophy, *that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philoſophy has at length brought things to that paſs, as to have it eſteemed unphiloſophical to reſt in the *firſt cauſe*; as if its ends were an endleſs indagation to cauſe after cauſe, without ever coming to the firſt. So that, to avoid this unlearned diſgrace, ſome of the propagators of our beſt philoſophy have had recourſe to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philoſophy, which is founded in the principle of *gravitation*, firſt conſidered that property in matter, as ſomething extrinſecal to it, and impreſſed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modeſtly coming up to the firſt cauſe, was puſhing natural inquiries as far as they ſhould go. But this ſtopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this philoſophy, Bacon, who ſays, "Circa ultimates "rerum fruſtranea eſt inquiſitio," was miſtaken by foreign philoſophers as recurring to the *occult* qualities of the Peripatetics.

"Pulſantes equidem vires intelligo nuſquam.
"Occultas magiciſque pares———
"*Sed gravitas etiam creſcat, dum corpora centro*
"*Accedunt propius.* Videor mihi cernere terrâ.

*Physic* of *Metaphysic* begs defence, 645
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense!*
See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
*Religion*, blushing, veils her sacred fires.
And unawares *Morality* expires. 650

REMARKS.

" Emergens quicquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
" Pellæi juvenis doctor conjecerat olim
" In physicæ studium: solitum dare nomina rebus,
" Pro causis, unoque secans problemata verbo." *Anti-Lucr.*

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation* in a certain *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural inquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause:*

Philosophy, that *lean'd* on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more.

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, What was the *cause* of that *elasticity?* See this folly censured, ver. 475.

Ver. 645, 646. Physic *of* Metaphysic, *&c.—And* Metaphysic *calls*, &c.] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body;* which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: while others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus, between these different reasonings, they have left us neither soul nor body; nor, the sciences of physics and metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another.

Ver. 647. *See* Mystery *to* Mathematics *fly!*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all truth, having pretended, that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to shew that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic principles* of religion, *natural* and *revealed:* who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion, from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine.

Nor

Nor *public* flame, nor *private*, dares to ſhine;
Nor *human* ſpark is left, nor glimpſe *divine!*
Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd!
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

REMARKS.

Ver. 649. Religion, *bluſhing, veils her ſacred fires,*] *Bluſhing* as well at the memory of the *paſt* overflow of dulneſs, when the barbarous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the *preſent;* of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However, amids the extinction of all other lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers; as hers alone, in its own nature, is unextinguiſhable and eternal.

Ver. 650. *And unawares* Morality *expires.*] It appears from hence, that our poet was of very different ſentiments from the author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on virtue, to prove it not only real, but durable, without the ſupport of religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſed that morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurpriſe ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.

END *of the* FOURTH BOOK.

## BY THE AUTHOR,

# A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain *haberdashers of points and particles*, being instigated by the spirit of *pride*, and assuming to themselves the name of *critics* and *restorers*, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our *glorious ancestors, poets of this realm*, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: the said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or *in any sort related* to such poets, to all or any of them: *now we*, having carefully revised this our *Dunciad*, * beginning with

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word "*books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood; read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hun-* "*dred and fifty-six* verses," instead of "*one thousand and twelve* "lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author, (though living and not blind): the editor himself confessed as much in his preface: and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve*; this author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. BENTL.

the words *The mighty mother*, and ending with the words *buries all*, containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses*, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between *hooks*, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow *this our example*, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. *Provided always*, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

APPEN-

# APPENDIX.

## I.

## PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in Three Books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

### The PUBLISHER * to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept

* *The Publisher*] Who he was, is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opi-"nion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope, (for reasons specified in the preface to their miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the common news-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possi-

accept it as favourably as if it were ſome kindneſs done to themſelves: whereas if a known ſcoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cauſe of all ſcribblers, bookſellers, and printers whatſoever.

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a fact, that every week for theſe two months paſt, the town has been perſecuted with * pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the character and perſon of Mr. Pope. And that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his works, which by modeſt computation may be about a † hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland;

bly deviſe; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrouled licence of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common enemies of mankind; ſince, to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them, either the bookſellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſs, that, by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their names as was neceſſary to his deſign.

* *Pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.*] See the liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the poem.

† *About a hundred thouſand*] It is ſurpriſing with what ſtupidity this preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by thoſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureat (letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better "poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with "thoſe *vain-glorious* encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, "&c —it is amazing, that you, who have writ with ſuch maſterly "ſpirit upon the ruling paſſion, ſhould be ſo blind a ſlave to your

land; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the * author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no † man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly ‡ nothing in his style and manner

" own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own.)

* *The author of the following poem*, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

† The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly intitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

‡ *There is certainly nothing in his style*, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

of

of writing, which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him: for if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of his alluſions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to ſay affected) *ſhortneſs* in imitation of him, I ſhould think him more an admirer of the Roman poet, than of the Grecian, and in that not of the ſame taſte with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full * ſix years of his life, and that he wholly retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow on it, as would ſeem by this verſe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuſcript.

*O mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,*
*Duncia!* †

Hence alſo we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Luſiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

* *The labour of full ſix years*, &c.] This alſo was honeſtly and ſeriouſly believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney, " We are told it was the labour of ſix years, " with the utmoſt aſſiduity and application: it is no great compli- " ment to the author's ſenſe, to have employed ſo large a part of " his life," &c. See alſo Ward, pref. to Durgen, " The Dun- " ciad, as the publiſher very wiſely confeſſes, coſt the author ſix " years retirement from all the pleaſures of life; though it is " ſomewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, " that it could be ſo long in hatching, &c. But the length of time " and cloſeneſs of application were mentioned to prepoſſeſs the " reader with a good opinion of it."

They juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of the poem.

† The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: " By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is " formed." Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.

It

It is ſtyled *heroic*, as being *doubly* ſo; not only with reſpect to its nature, which, according to the beſt rules of the ancients, and ſtricteſt ideas of the moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of the writer, who dared to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in chronology from the *names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome authors, and inſertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will conſider the unity of the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that the *poem was not made for theſe authors, but theſe authors for the poem.* I ſhould judge that they were clapped in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; ſince when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. *&c.* but now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real perſon.

## II.

## A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abuſed, before the publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and ſatirical on a late rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6*d.*

A new Rehearſal, or Bays the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1*s.*

Homerides: or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſioned by his intended tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Eſquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d.*

Æſop at the Bear Garden; a viſion, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d.*

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Barnaby's ſorrowful lamentation; a ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1*d.*

An Epilogue to a puppet-ſhow at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By George Ducket, Eſq; printed by E. Curl.

A Complete Key to the What-d'ye-call it. Anon. [By Griffin a player, ſuperviſed by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3*d.*

The Confederates, a farce. By Joſeph Gay [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1*s.*

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer; with

with two letters concerning the Windsor-Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 *s.* 6 d.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon, [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6*d.*

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1721, folio, price 1 *s.*

The Battle of Poets, an heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England, [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

*Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the Public Prints.*

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri, James-Moore Smith.

*Id.* March 29. A letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An essay on the arts of a poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Sup-

plement to the Art of ſinking in poetry. [Suppoſed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letters about the tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, intitled, A Collection of all the verſes, eſſays, letters, and advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concanen, anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1*s*. Others of an elder date, having lain as waſte paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary bookſellers, (in hopes of ſome poſſibility of vending a few), by advertiſing them in this manner—" The Confederates, a farce. By " Capt. Breval, (for which he was put into the Dun" ciad). An Epilogue to Powel's puppet-ſhow. " By Col. Ducket (for which he is put into the " Dunciad). Eſſays, &c. By Sir Richard Black" more. (*N. B.* It was for a paſſage of this book,

" that

" that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.") And so of others.

*After the Dunciad*, MDCCXXVIII.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, " That the complaint of the aforesaid libels " and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all " mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; " and nothing against him published, but by Mr. " Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A Complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo, price 6*d*.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6*d*.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo, price 6*d*. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A Moore, folio, price 6*d*.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with New Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philoscriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which *any body* should send as "Mr. Pope's, or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and "published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's paraphrase on the 4th chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *one epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a lady, [or between

between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-'ſquire], printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a nobleman to a doctor of divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y], printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

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## III.

## ADVERTISEMENT

### To the First Edition with Notes, in Quarto, M DCC XXIX.

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipped into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive; and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very *obſcurity* of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *ſecret*, which moſt people love to be

let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV. AD-

## IV.

## ADVERTISEMENT

To the First Edition of the Fourth Book of the DUNCIAD, when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:* And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.* But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any *criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *names* of the *authors;* or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V. AD-

## V.

## ADVERTISEMENT

### To the complete Edition of MDCCXLIII.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humourous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *this poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable Hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the *laurel*: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *vanity*: and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it*. W. W.

VI. AD-

## VI.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, M DCC XXX.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they looked upon them as an *abuſe*: we can do no leſs than own, it is our opinion, that to call theſe gentlemen *bad authors* is no ſort of *abuſe*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no *wit*, or *poet*, provided he procures a certificate of his being really ſuch, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr. *Dennis ſingly*, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

# PARALLEL

OF THE

# CHARACTERS

OF

## MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

### MR. DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe *(a)*. A true republican ſon of monarchical church *(b)*. A republican Atheiſt *(c)*. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt *(d)*.

In the poem called *Abſalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriouſly traduced, the KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable perſons expoſed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriouſly libelled. It is *ſcandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itſelf *(e)*.

*(a)* Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698. p. 6. *(b)* Page 38. *(c)* Page 192. *(d)* Page 8. *(e)* Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.

He

VII.

# A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

## MR. POPE,

### His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *(a)*. Some call him a Popiſh Whig, which is directly inconſiſtent *(b)*. Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt be a Tory and high-flier *(c)*. He is both Whig and Tory *(d)*.

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments *(e)*.

In his Miſcellanies, the perſons abuſed are, the KING, the QUEEN, his late MAJESTY, both Houſes of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-council, the bench of BISHOPS, the eſtabliſhed CHURCH, the preſent MINISTRY, *&c.* To make ſenſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into ROYAL SCANDAL *(f)*.

*(a)* Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Locke, pref. p. xii. *(b)* Dunciad diſſected. *(c)* Pref. to Gulliveriana. *(d)* Dennis, character of Mr. P. *(e)* Theobald, letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728. *(f)* Liſt, at the end of a collection of verſes, letters, advertiſements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6.

He

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor *(f)*. His very Christianity may be questioned *(g)*. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others *(h)*. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility *(i)*.

### Mr. DRYDEN only a versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre *(k)*. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question *(l)*.

### Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer *(m)*. None but a Bævius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire its translator *(n)*. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression: not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.——He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression *(o)*.

### Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Bushby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase *(p)*. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing

*(f)* Ibid. *(g)* Milbourn, p. 9. *(h)* Ibid. p. 175, *(i)* Page 39. *(k)* Whip and Key, pref. *(l)* Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. *(m)* Milbourn, page 2. *(n)* Page 35. *(o)* Page 22, and 192. *(p)* Milbourn, p. 72.

He is a Popiſh rhymſter, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings (*g*). His religion allows him to deſtroy heretics, not only with his pen, but fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh principles (*h*). It deſerved vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had leſs infallibility than his nameſake at Rome (*i*).

### Mr. POPE only a verſifier.

The ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit (*k*). It muſt be owned that he has got a notable knack of rhyming and writing ſmooth verſe (*l*).

### Mr. POPE's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him, one would ſwear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnaſſus, and a puddle in ſome bog for his Hippocrene (*m*). He has no admirers among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge (*n*).

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without either genius or good ſenſe, or any tolerable knowledge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh Homer are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his verſification.—But this little author, who is ſo much in vogue, has neither ſenſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions (*o*).

### Mr. POPE underſtood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands as little (*p*). I wonder how this

(*g*) Dennis's remarks on Homer, p. 27. (*h*) Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. (*i*) Dedication to the collection of verſes, letters, &c. p. 9. (*k*) Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728. (*l*) Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer. (*m*) Dennis's remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. (*n*) Ibid. p. 14. (*o*) Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17, and remarks on Homer, p. 19. (*p*) Dennis's remarks on Homer, p. 12.

ing so absurdly (*q*). The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity (*r*). The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his author (*s*). This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate *Homer!* a mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἴχωρ for ἰχὼρ must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press (*t*). Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for use (*u*).

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers (*w*).

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! a man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name (*x*). *Poetis quidlibet audendi*, shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets (*y*).

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An Ape.] A crafty ape dreſt up in a gawdy gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him (*z*).

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all (*a*).

A Frog.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox (*b*.)

A Coward.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage (*c*).

(*q*) Page 203. (*r*) Page 78. (*s*) Page 206. (*t*) Page 19. (*u*) Page 144, 190. (*w*) Page 67. (*x*) Page 192. (*y*) Page 125. (*z*) Whip and Key, pref. (*a*) Milb. p. 105. (*b*) Page 11. (*c*) Page 176.

A

gentleman would look, ſhould it be diſcovered, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek (*q*). He has ſtuck ſo little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion (*r*). I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has ſo delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies (*s*).

But he has a notable talent at burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it (*t*).

Mr. POPE tricked his Subſcribers.

It is indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: but it is too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the madneſs of the project. The ſubſcribers expectations have been raiſed in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of (*u*). Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to bookſellers (*w*).

Names beſtowed on Mr. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and the initial and final letters of his ſurname, *viz.* A P E, and they give you the ſame idea of an Ape as his face (*x*), *&c.*

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's ſkin from this little aſs (*y*).

A Frog.] A ſquab ſhort gentleman—a little creature, that, like the frog in the fable, ſwells, and is angry, that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox (*z*).

A Coward.] A lurking waylaying coward (*a*).

(*q*) Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. (*r*) Suppl. to the Profund, pref. (*s*) Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66. (*t*) Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. (*u*) Homerides, p. 1, *&c.* (*w*) Britiſh Journ. Nov. 25, 1727. (*x*) Dennis, Daily Journ. May 11, 1728. (*y*) Dennis, Rem. on Hom. pref. (*z*) Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. (*a*) Char. of Mr. P. page 3.

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and if I mistake not, I have read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty (*d*).

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool (*e*).—Some great poets are positively blockheads (*f*).

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden (*g*).

(*d*) Page 57. (*e*) Whip and Key, pref. (*f*) Milbourn, p. 34. (*g*) Ibid. p. 35.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty (*b*).

A FOOL.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer (*c*).

A THING.] A little abject thing (*d*).

(*b*) Char. of Mr. P. page 3. (*c*) Dennis Rem. on Homer, p. 37. (*d*) Ibid, p. 8.

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